what happened to lana's marriage? 15

modern screen

A DELL MAGAZINE

april

daring report on Love in Hollywood

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liz taylor

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Only DRENE has this Conditioning Action ...for all types of hair!



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COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

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LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream



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And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the **only** toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

APRIL, 1951

modern screen

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER!

BRING A STAR TO YOUR HOME ..... see page 14

stories

WHAT HAPPENED TO LANA'S MARRIAGE? (Lana Turner) ..... by Steve Cronin 27
THE BING CROSBY STORY (Part I) ..... by Tom Carlile 28
NEVER LOST A FATHER (June Allyson-Dick Powell) ..... by Jane Wilkie 32
IT'S A MARSHMALLOW WHIRL (Vera-Ellen, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Peggy Dow) ..... by Beverly Ott 34
THE FAITH NO ONE COULD TEACH ME ..... by Dan Duryea 37
HOLLYWOOD'S TEN BEST CITIZENS ..... by Herb Stein 38
SECOND HEARTBREAK (Barbara Stanwyck) ..... by Frances Clark 40
ALL ABOUT EDEN (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak) ..... by Marva Peterson 40
WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HUTTON HIT MICHIGAN! (Betty Hutton) 55

special section

MODERN SCREEN REPORTS ON LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD 46
A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT LIZ TAYLOR 48
AND AN EX-SWEETHEART LOOKS BACK (Peter Lawford) 48
THEY TOOK THEIR LOVE TO LAS VEGAS ..... by John Maynard 50
THE REAL VICTIMS OF HOLLYWOOD LOVE ..... by Consuelo Anderson 52
CHARTING HOLLYWOOD LOVE 54

features

THE INSIDE STORY 4
LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS 6
TELL IT TO JOAN (Joan Evans' advice to teen-agers) 84

departments

MOVIE REVIEWS ..... by Christopher Kane 16
PIPER LAURIE, YOUR HOLLYWOOD SHOPPER 20
FASHION 66

ON THE COVER: Color portrait of MGM's Elizabeth Taylor by Nickolas Muray. Other Picture Credits on page 19

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with
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Better, longer protection. Yes, new Mum with M-3 safely protects against bacteria that *cause* underarm odor. Doesn't give odor a chance to start.

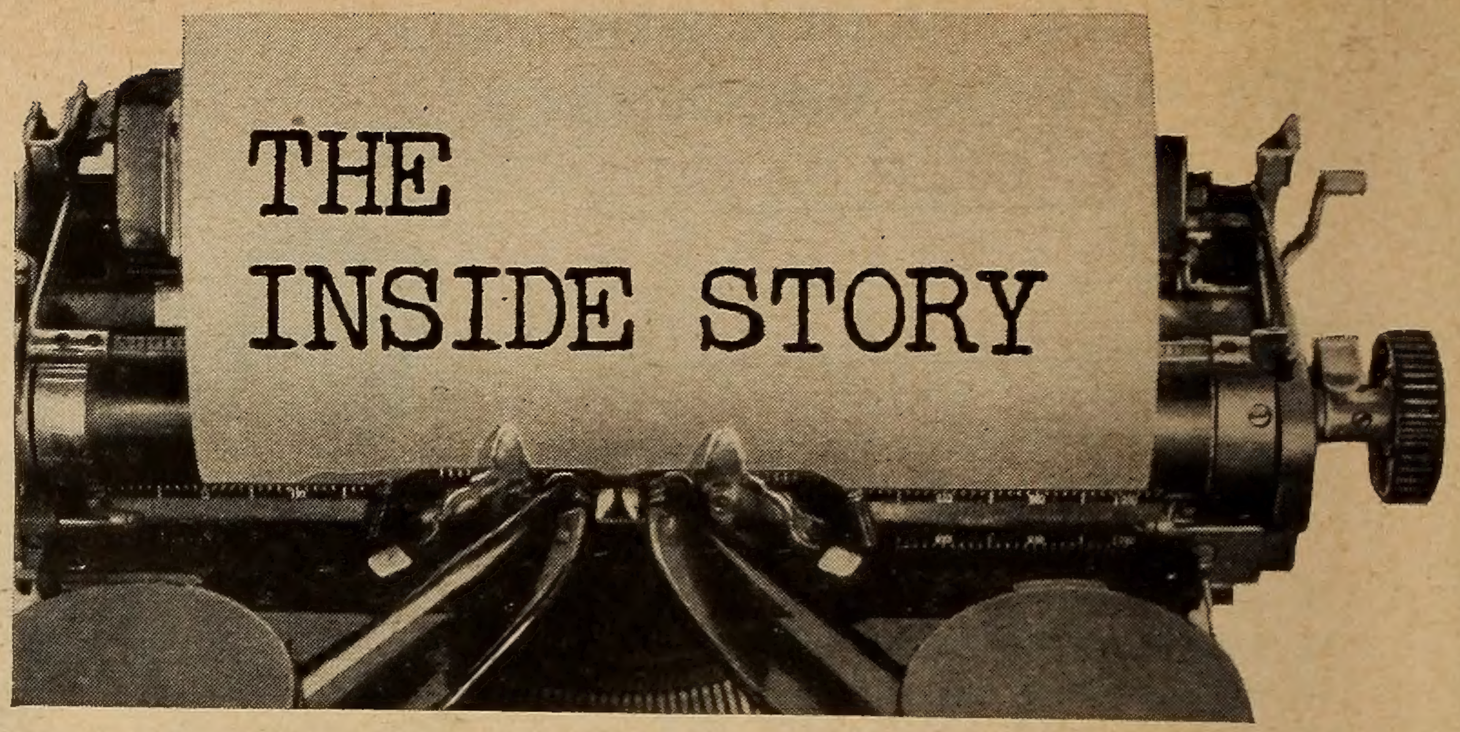
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Thriftier new Mum gives you more applications, ounce for ounce, than other leading deodorants. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No shrinkage, no waste. Exclusive new fragrance. Get a jar of new Mum today!



New MUM cream deodorant

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. Is it true that Dixie Lee Crosby is planning to divorce Bing in the near future?—T. T., San Francisco, Calif.

A. *No truth to this whatever. As* Modern Screen *predicted last year when rumors of the Crosby marital strife were rampant, Bing is spending more time with his wife these days than ever before. To start the New Year right, he threw a large Western party for 150 friends. It was at this party that his brother and business manager, Everett, buried the hatchet with Dixie, thereby ending a lengthy family feud. Bing's attitude toward the press has also changed, and he is currently the sweet, affable charmer of the old days. Now that Gary, Phil, and Dennis, the three oldest Crosby boys, have gone off to prep school at Bellarmine in San Jose, Dixie and Bing are re-discovering each other.*

Q. Will Rita Hayworth have to return to Hollywood because her husband is broke? —R. R., Reno, Nev.

A. *Aly Khan is far from broke. In fact, he will never be broke as long as his father, the Aga Khan, remains spiritual ruler of the Moslems. As for Rita's return to Hollywood, she has now postponed that indefinitely. When reached in Mombasa, Africa, recently, this is what she had to say: "I suppose I wouldn't be adverse to making another film, but there just doesn't seem to be a suitable vehicle." Columbia Studios, which has Rita under contract until 1953, has been searching desperately for a suitable script. Rita is difficult to cast since she is essentially a dancer and not a dramatic actress.*

Q. I have received many autographed pictures from stars. Do they sign their names on these photographs or does someone else?—C. G., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Most do, though some have their secretaries sign for them.*

Q. Is there anything serious between Ann Blyth and Glenn Davis, the football player who used to go with Liz Taylor? —A. V., Dover, Del.

A. *They've dated twice, but Glenn is now playing the field.*

Q. I understand that June Allyson is Dick Powell's third wife, and that he's almost twice as old as she is. I also understand that June's cute little-girl act is a cover-up for her hard-as-nails personality. How much of this is true? —V. D., Denver, Col.

A. *June is half Dick's age, and she is his third wife. As regards her so called "hard-as-nails personality," this is neither true nor fair. June didn't have a father when she was a young girl, and had to make her own way in life. As a result she has developed an extraordinary amount of self-reliance. But she never stepped on anyone's heart as she climbed her ladder of success.*

Q. Who has Elizabeth Taylor been dating now that she and Nicky Hilton have parted?—T. C., Hartford, Conn.

A. *Liz has been too sick to date anyone lately. In fact, for several days she was checked into the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood under the name of Jones. For a time, doctors thought she might be suffering from a stomach ulcer. It was decided eventually, however, that her illness was psychsomatic in origin—purely mental with physical manifestations brought on because of her impending divorce from Nicky. You may expect Vic Damone to resume his courting of Liz soon, and Stanley Donen, Liz's director of* Love Is Better Than Ever, *is very interested in her.*

Q. I read in the papers that John Agar and Jackie Coogan have been arrested for drunken driving. Why do these young Hollywood actors drink so much? What's wrong with Agar, anyway? —D. Y., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. *Young Hollywood actors drink no more or less than young men in any other community. Agar suffers from an inferiority complex, and is not particularly happy.*

Q. I have a bet with my husband. He says Hopalong Cassidy has been married four times. I say Billy Boyd who is Hopalong has been married only once. Who wins?—T. G., San Diego, Cal.

A. *Your husband.*

Q. Is it true that directors have a hard time directing Marlon Brando and Monty Clift? —C. D., Moline, Ill.

A. *It's true. Both refuse to perform any sort of action in front of a camera which they consider not in line with the characterization they are trying to make real. Each prefers the stage to the screen.*

VOLCANIC!

The story of Polynesian love in the South Pacific!

Filmed in the exotic paradise of the South Seas—a rare and exciting love story of "The Islands" . . . of the man from the West who won and loved Kalua!



Bird of Paradise

Technicolor



"All I will ever know of love and beauty . . . and rare adventure . . ."

starring
LOUIS JOURDAN DEBRA PAGET JEFF CHANDLER

EVERETT SLOANE · MAURICE SCHWARTZ · JACK ELAM · PRINCE LEI LANI · OTTO WALDIS · ALFRED ZEISLER

Written and Directed by **DELMER DAVES** · Associate Producer **HARMON JONES**

20th CENTURY-FOX



Ava Gardner and Kathryn Grayson became close friends while working on *Show Boat.* At Kay Thompson's Mocambo opening they were guests of Howard Keel. Ava's date was Roger Eden.



Sid Luft brought Judy Garland, 22 pounds heavier than usual, to the Thompson opening. Kay, once vocal coach at MGM, and Judy are old friends. Gloria De Haven dropped by to tell them a story.



Ronald Reagan, who claims he isn't carrying a torch for ex-wife Jane Wyman, looked convincing as he escorted Nancy Davis to the premiere of *Operation Pacific.* Nancy dates Bob Walker *and* Ronnie.



LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

THE CROSBY'S THROW A PARTY . . .

By the time you readers scan this edition of Modern Screen, Doris Day will probably be married to Marty Melcher, Hollywood agent. When I asked them about their plans, both were very frank in telling me they will marry just as soon as Marty's divorce from Patti Andrews (of the Andrews Sisters) is final.

There had been a lot of talk that Doris and Marty would slip across the border for a Mexican marriage without waiting for the California divorce to become final. So I asked them about this gossip.

"That will never happen," Doris told me. "I want my marriage to Marty to be *right.* I couldn't do that to my little son. Marty loves him. We never want the slightest question about the legality of our marriage to come up."

Doris' mother lives with her and looks after the child. She approves of Marty who likes her too—so there will be no trouble in that direction.

"Mom will live with us," Doris said. "Both Marty and I want it that way. I feel my son needs her while I am busy at the studio."

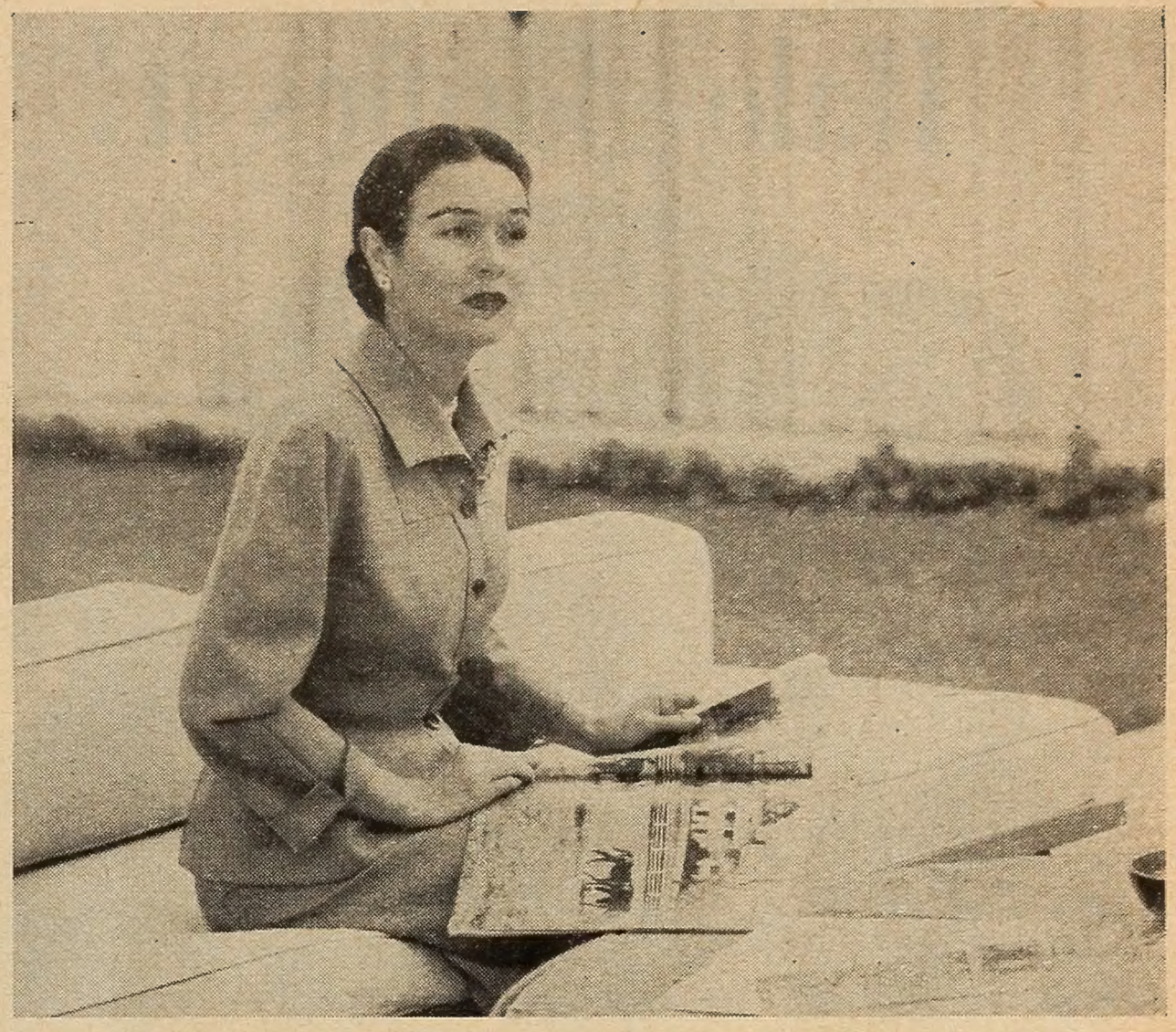
I had a completely different idea of Doris until I had her on my radio show and grew to know her. She is not the harum-scarum girl I had pictured. She has worked hard all her life and is a very level-headed person.

Green Room lunchers at Warners were surprised to walk in the café and find Farley Granger and Patricia Hitchcock crawling around a table on their hands and knees!

They were looking for Pat's tooth—a loose and detachable molar formerly anchored to the mouth of pretty Pat until she bit into a hard roll and sent it spinning!



John Agar and rising young Metro star, Paula Raymond are a new twosome. He took her to the premiere of *Operation Pacific,* starring John Wayne. Agar's latest is *The Magic Carpet.*



So many *Good News* readers have written asking what Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, that delightful party-giver, looks like that we've captured this picture of her. Louella always calls her "the lovely Lorena" and now you know the reason why.

MORE ABOUT UNHAPPY LIZ TAYLOR . . . CHARMIN' SHARMAN TAKES A JOB . . . COCKTAILS AT THE HODIAKS' . . .

"I think it landed over here," said Farley politely, still on all fours.

"No," mumbled Miss H., who is thriller-director, Alfred Hitchcock's daughter, "I think it bounced thisaway."

But it was Farley who found it.

"Isn't it wonderful that we aren't in love?" Pat giggled. "This is embarrassing enough to ruin any romance."

THE loss of Lana Turner's baby (the second time she has lost an expected child since her marriage to Bob Topping) is not going to deter her from trying again. She told me that her doctors assure her that it is completely possible for her to bear a child. "Unless, of course, I should fall again, or suffer a similar accident. But next time I'm going to sit in a wheelchair or stay in bed most of the time," she said.

Olivia DeHavilland remained in bed seven months before the birth of her baby, remember?

In spite of their disappointment over the loss of the baby, Lana is again being besieged with a barrage of rumors that she and Bob are on the verge of separating. "That won't happen," Lana said. "We've been married for three years and our quarrels are not any more serious or even as serious as many married people have." *(For another view of Lana's marriage, see page 27.—Ed.)*

SHIRLEY Temple is radiantly happy with her bridegroom, Charles Black, and their home life is ideal. Should Charles be called back to the Navy, which seems likely as he was a Lt. Commander in the last war and is in the Reserves. Shirley will follow him wherever he is stationed.

She was very upset over the arrest of John Agar on a drunk-driving charge, not because there is the slightest flicker of feeling still burning, but because he is the father of her little Linda Sue.

Although John has permission to visit the little girl, he seldom does. But Shirley is a wise girl. As much as she would like the baby to be adopted by her present husband, she will make no move in that direction; at least, not right away.

JANE Powell insisted on finishing *Rich, Young and Pretty* when she was a very sick girl. The singing star's pregnancy (she and Geary Steffen expect a baby in the Spring) is complicated by a stomach ulcer.

Yet, in spite of the fact that she was frequently in pain during the final week of the picture, and was in a generally run down condition, she refused to ask for a leave of absence because, "too many people on the picture would be taken off salary."

They really love little Janie on the MGM lot from the front office to the back gate.

"IF she thinks she's going to tell *me* how to dress and conduct myself, she has another guess coming," snapped an RKO starlet following word that Sharman Douglas, our ex-ambassador's daughter, had signed with that studio as a "special public relations consultant" —press agent in less fancy terms.

Now isn't that silly? In the first place, Sharman's job is not that of a monitor. But wouldn't you think any girl starting out on a career would be *glad* to get the advice of a young woman with Sharman's good taste? When the Douglases were living in London, charmin' Sharman was the closest girl friend of Princess Margaret.

The young lady who made the remark that she didn't want or need any help could actually stand some advice. Her gowns are cut much too low for such a young girl, and she wears too much makeup.

AVA Gardner and Kathryn Grayson became the best of friends making *Show Boat.* The two beauties go to London this Spring for a joint appearance at the Palladium. And they are just as pally socially as they are professionally, which ain't always the case when two glamor girls work together.

They came together to a big party hosted by the Howard Keels when Kay Thompson opened at the Mocambo. What eyefuls—Kathryn in strapless velvet, and Ava in a sleek, black, backless gown.

Ava's escort was Roger Eden, but she spent most of her time in the telephone booth telephoning Frank Sinatra in New York.

Speaking of *Show Boat,* there's an amusing romantic tangling-up on that picture. Bob Sterling, who makes love to Ava in the movie, is Nancy Sinatra's devoted beau in private life. Many people believe that Nancy and Bob are becoming so serious she may change her mind about not divorcing Frankie—clearing the way for him to marry Ava.

I asked a private spy how Bob (he is Ann Sothern's ex, you know) and Ava got along on the set considering the, shall we say, "embarrassment" of their private affections?

"They got along beautifully," was the answer. "Had lots of laughs and liked each other very much. But I don't believe that the name

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap, not a cream— Halo cannot leave dulling, dirt-catching soap film!



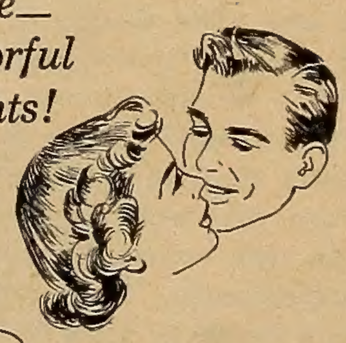
Gives fragrant "soft-water" lather —needs no special rinse!



Removes embarrassing dandruff from both hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair soft, manageable— shining with colorful natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils. Thus Halo *glorifies* your hair the very first time you use it. Ask for Halo—*America's favorite shampoo*—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

'Sinatra'—either *Mr.* or *Mrs.*—was ever mentioned between them."

JUDY GARLAND has put on 22 pounds—and it isn't becoming. But her friends hesitate to suggest that she diet because it makes her very nervous.

Almost every night Judy is nightclubbing with Sid Luft and they act very much in love. I hear that Vincente Minnelli said, after Judy announced their separation, "This time it's for keeps. I've done all I can." No one will deny that. He was an angel to Judy all through her trouble.

One thing that hasn't changed about her—is her voice. Frequently, in the wee early hours of the morning, when the clubs are almost deserted, Judy gets up on the bandstand and sings as thrillingly and wonderfully as ever.

And there's something so sad about all this wasted great talent.

THE best news out of Hollywood in a long time is the way Dixie and Bing Crosby are getting along these days.

They hosted their first Hollywood party in six years when they opened wide the doors of their big house overlooking the Los Angeles Country Club golf links and invited their pals for a "western shindig" honoring Dixie's best friend, Kitty Sexton.

Kitty and her husband used to manage the Crosby ranch at Elko. Now they have bought adjoining property—a ranch of their own.

The party was a whizz. Of course, Sue and Alan Ladd were there—they are such close friends of Dixie. Also Lana Turner and Bob Topping, Pat Dane and Bill Morrow, the Bob Crosbys and Everett Crosby. Yes, Everett (who manages Bing's affairs) and Dixie have kissed and made up after a family feud that lasted too long.

Of course, everyone was waiting for the Crosbys to start singing—which they did. Bing introduced his big boy Gary as "the competition."

Way late in the morning, Bing and Dixie were in the kitchen scrambling eggs and frying ham steaks for the stragglers and singing duets, just like in the good old days.

Could anything be grander?

I DINED with the newlywed Stewart Grangers —Mrs. G. is the former Jean Simmons, don'tcha know—and never laughed harder than over "Jimmy's" (that's his real name and what Jean calls him) account of their early romance in England.

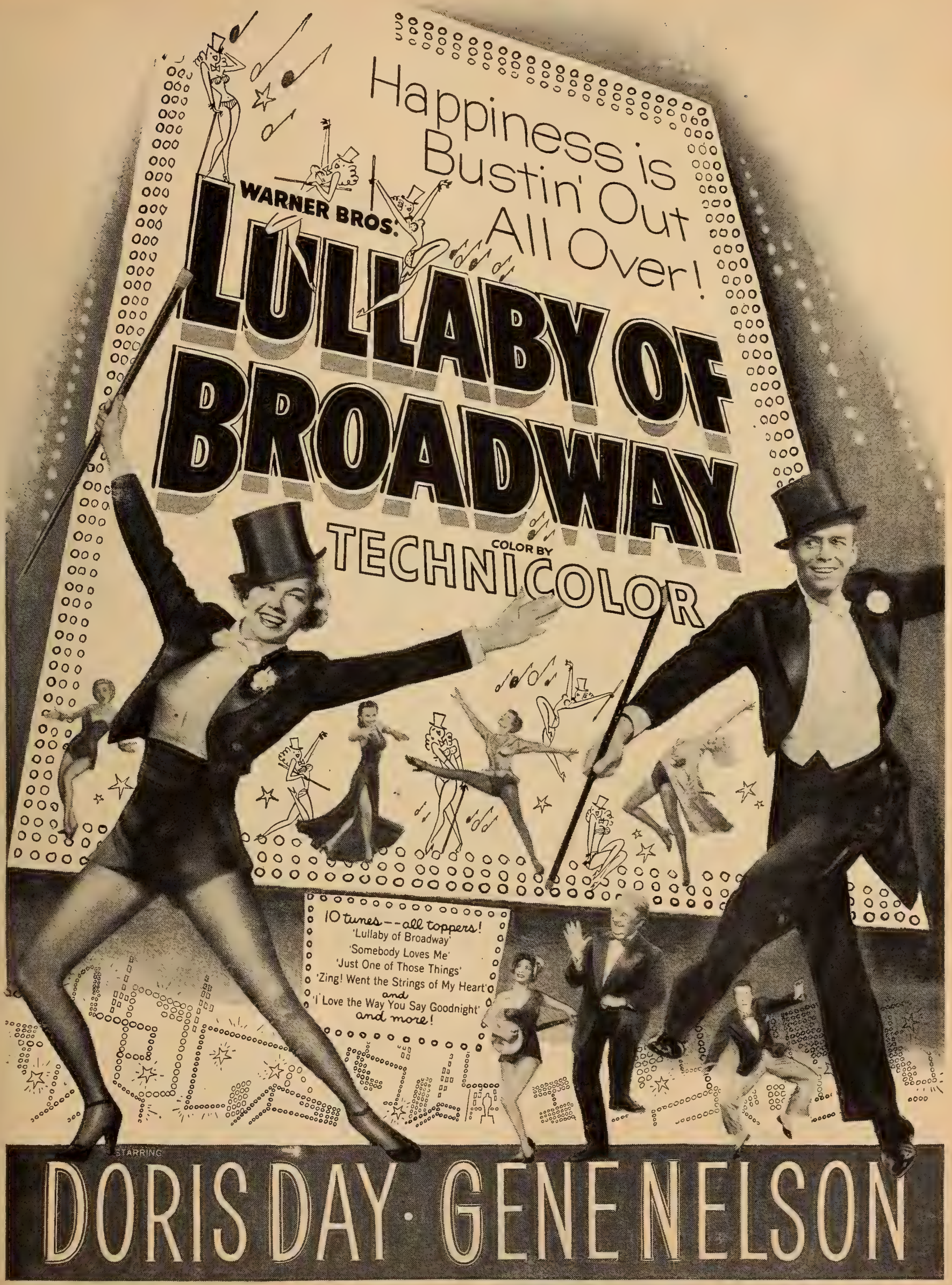
"Jean was a little girl of about 13 or 14 when I first saw her around the studios," he told me. "And she was batting those beautiful big eyes of hers at me right from the start."

"I was in love with him from the moment I saw him," nodded the new Mrs. Granger, who is now just 19—the same age as Elizabeth Taylor—but she is far more mature than our Liz.

"I was terrified," Granger went on. "I thought everyone would be thinking 'look at that *nasty* old man—flirting with that *child!*'"

But, Jean grew up and got her man—and I've seldom seen two happier people.

The big house they bought in Bel Air is only half-furnished. "We have no stove or ice box," the bridegroom explained, "but we already have a house guest, Michael Wilding, our best man. No unfurnished home should be without a guest!" (*Continued on page 10*)


WARNER BROS.
Happiness is Bustin' Out All Over!
LULLABY OF BROADWAY
COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR
10 tunes--all toppers!
'Lullaby of Broadway'
'Somebody Loves Me'
'Just One of Those Things'
'Zing! Went the Strings of My Heart'
and
'I Love the Way You Say Goodnight'
and more!
STARRING
DORIS DAY · GENE NELSON
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S. Z. SAKALL · BILLY DE WOLFE · GLADYS GEORGE · DAVID BUTLER · WILLIAM JACOBS
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Sonja Henie says



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Women all over America now have lovelier figures with the help of Ayds. Users report losses up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact, you lose weight with the first box ($2.98) or your money back. Get Ayds from your druggist or department store, today—a full month's supply, $2.98.

● **"I do recommend Ayds to any woman who has a problem with her figure," says Sonja Henie, Star of the Sonja Henie Hollywood Ice Review. "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds. I can't think of a better way to reduce."**



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

He says that he and Jean and Michael take most of their meals at drug store counters in Beverly Hills. "It's delicious and the service is so *immediate* you can already have indigestion by the time the average restaurant is serving your soup."

I noticed that the young Grangers (yep, he is young even if he is listed as 37 on his studio biog.) laugh a great deal together. That's one of the best recipes I know for a happy, happy marriage.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR feels now, more than ever, that she is living in a goldfish bowl. That was what she told me when she and Nicky Hilton came to my home before their trouble. Now that she and Nicky are divorced, every move that she makes becomes a "news" event.

My young friend Liz doesn't always use good sense. Put that down to youth.

For instance, it was not at all necessary for her to use the assumed name of "Rebecca Jones" when she had to go to the hospital for a few days. Of course, it got out—and much more of a to-do was made than if Elizabeth had just gone into the hospital for her cold like any other person.

She received many calls from a "Mr. Mills"—who, it turns out, was Stanley Donen, good looking, attractive young MGM director on her picture *Love Is Better Than Ever*.

Just how serious it is between Elizabeth and Stan I don't know. Who does know with Liz? But as I write this, he's the one in her life. She has gone out a few times with Vic Damone, but that is no more serious than it was in the old days.

Liz would like to live her own life, but her studio insisted she go back home, which must have made her parents very happy. They were very worried over Elizabeth's unhappy matrimonial experience and her decision to live away from their home, until MGM changed her mind.

THE cocktail party and buffet dinner hosted by Anne Baxter and John Hodiak was one of the nicest of the season. Their home is so attractive—liveable and comfortable and yet very modern in its furnishings. (*For more about their home see page 42.—Ed.*)

Anne, who is blooming like a rose over all the praise she has received for her performance in *All About Eve*, wore a becoming blue hostess gown. John, formerly a lone wolf, has changed a lot since his marriage and really enjoys social events. He was a perfect host, with that marvelous quality of making each guest feel he or she is the one person he wishes to have an especially good time.

I think there is a better understanding between Anne and John than at any time in their married life. She told me one day when I was talking to her, "You know—like most married people we have grown closer with the years and our interests are more united."

John is very popular, too, with his mother-in-law, which is high praise. Anne's family were at first opposed to the marriage.

In addition to all the stars at the Hodiak party, I noticed so many people with whom Anne and John work among the guests. They are really such sincere people.

CLOSE-UP of Janet Leigh: She worries herself because she seems capable of being in love with two men at the same time. When she's in Hollywood, (*Continued on page 12*)

Women are buzzing about

the amazing new enamelon ingredient

that makes low-priced nail polish

chip less, wear better, look brighter

than high-priced polish



PHOTOGRAPHED AT NEW YORK'S SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL.
CLOTHES BY RUSSEKS

If you're tired of paying high prices for nail polish that chips, peels or flakes off quickly—then here's thrilling news. • This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon. Found *only* in low-priced, luxury CUTEX polishes, including the beautiful new CUTEX *Pearl* Brilliance—it's guaranteed** to give incredible wear . . . to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish. • Here, too, is a new conception of color—a wonderful range of fabulous high-fashion shades that hold their original lustre even after constant wearing. • New CUTEX costs only a fraction of high-priced polishes. Try it today!



NEW CUTEX COLORGENIC LIPSTICK
made by an exclusive electronic process. Unbelievable lustre and color-fast . . . won't bleed, cake or wear off like many high-priced lipsticks. So inexpensive. Try it.

CUTEX luxury nail polish

**Money back if not completely satisfied



I dreamed I got caught in the rain in my ***maidenform bra***

Nice weather for dreams...especially when it brings a shower of compliments on my figure! Wind tumbles my hair...raindrops splash my umbrella...but every reflection shows my curves in perfect shape. No chasing rainbows for me...I've found the treasure already... my Maidenform* bra!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth...from 1.75

There is a ***maidenform*** for every type of figure

Julianelli Boots. General Umbrella.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

she loves Tony Curtis best. When she's in New York, it's goodlooking TV actor, Bob Quarrie. . . . Her closest girl friend is Nancy Sinatra. She frequently spends the night at Nancy's home and they sit up all hours talking "girl talk". . . . She doesn't like to drink, but now and then celebrates a special event with champagne. . . . She owns more elaborate bathing suits than Esther Williams —her favorite being a gorgeous pink satin. . . . She likes to be suntanned, but not burned. Thinks skin too "burned up" is not attractive to men. . . . She likes jokes if they are silly, not naughty. . . . Her mother and father live with her in her new home because she likes them better than anybody else in the world. She has no desire for a bachelor apartment. . . . She cooks fairly well and doesn't mind cleaning up afterward. . . . Hard work doesn't bother her. She's restless when she is idle. . . . She is a great admirer of other screen stars. Thinks Lana Turner is "gorgeous"; Bette Davis "wonderful"; Esther Williams' figure "divine." . . . She uses very little makeup, but loves lipstick so much she puts it on before going to bed. . . . She can wear all colors but prefers pink, pale green, white in the order named. . . . She is very honest but can fib a little if it means saving someone's feelings from being hurt. Maybe that's how she frequently finds herself in the bewildering spot of not being able to hurt her beaux—any of them!

THE Louis B. Mayer party for the *Quo Vadis* returnees (Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Mervyn Le Roy and Sam Zimbalist) was already scheduled and invitations were out when, just two days before the gala event, Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor announced their separation. (*Read "Second Heartbreak," the story of the Taylor marriage, on page 40.* —Ed.)

It was a sad beginning for a perfectly wonderful evening. Neither Bob nor Barbara was in a partying mood and both sent their regrets to the Mayers. Everyone felt very bad about this break-up of two popular people after 11 years of marriage. But no one mentioned it, and the party Mayfair Room in the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, where the social affair was held, swung into high gear early in the evening.

I sat at the table with my lovely hostess, Lorena, Mervyn Le Roy, and producer Sam Zimbalist. Claudette Colbert was also with us and her gown was beautiful beyond description—bouffant bronze lace it was, with gold threads—absolutely gorgeous.

Another eyeful was honor guest Deborah Kerr, in pink with a full train made of tiny pink ruffles.

It was the first big party Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., had attended since their return from Europe, and Mrs. Fairbanks was much admired in a white gown with a sparkling diamond tiara on her sleek dark hair.

Mervyn Le Roy, my dinner partner, told me that it was so hot in Rome during the making of *Quo Vadis* that the cast and crew lost an average of 15 pounds apiece.

I saw Esther Williams, in a low cut white satin gown, dancing time after time with Ben Gage—who else? That is one gal who adores "her man" and doesn't care if the whole world knows it.

AND that's all this month. Be seeing you.

Are you in the know?



What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- ☐ *Softening*
- ☐ *Stretching*
- ☐ *Brushing*

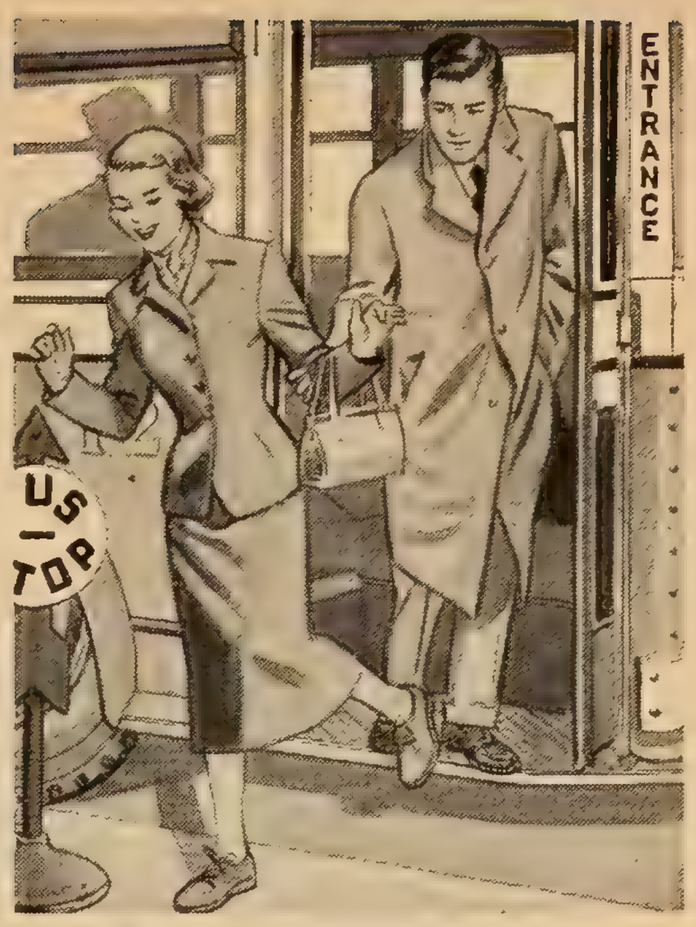
If you're a frizz-kid, don't fret. Have your locks shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you'll find constant brushing can help smooth those problem tresses. Of course, you can smooth away problem-*day* cares—with the comfort of *Kotex* to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. Gives softness that *holds its shape.*



Is "snooper" the word for a—

- ☐ *School paper columnist*
- ☐ *Chaperone*
- ☐ *Chapeau*

You could check all 3 answers and who'd argue? Main thing, though, is the chapeau. Sharp as Sherlock and twice as newsy, this "snooper" cap's a date-stalker! Comes in chintz, calico, tie silk, etc.—to suit your different spring togs. And for certain times, so you can choose just the kind of sanitary protection to suit you—Kotex comes in *3 absorbencies* (different sizes, for different days). By trying Regular, Junior, Super, you'll find the very one for you.



When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- ☐ *Ladies first*
- ☐ *Ladies last*
- ☐ *Look before you leap*

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies *last* is the rule. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. To owl up fast on etiquette, dating, grooming, fashions—send for the *free* booklet "Are You In The Know?" New! Fascinating! Important poise-pointers reprinted from these magazine advertisements (*without "commercials"*), in booklet form. Write today. It's *free.* Address P. O. Box 3434, Dept. 14, Chicago 11, Illinois.



What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- ☐ *Eager beaver*
- ☐ *Thumbs down*
- ☐ *Think it over*

Ee-magine! Being asked to tomorrow night's shindig on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, better squelch eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll never know how poised you can be—until you discover those *flat pressed ends* really *prevent* revealing outlines!



How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ *Circle your calendar*
- ☐ *Perk up your wardrobe*
- ☐ *Buy a new belt*

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers above can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new Kotex sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight Kotex belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries* pronto! So don't wait till the last minute: buy a new Kotex belt *now.* (Why not buy two—for a *change?*)

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

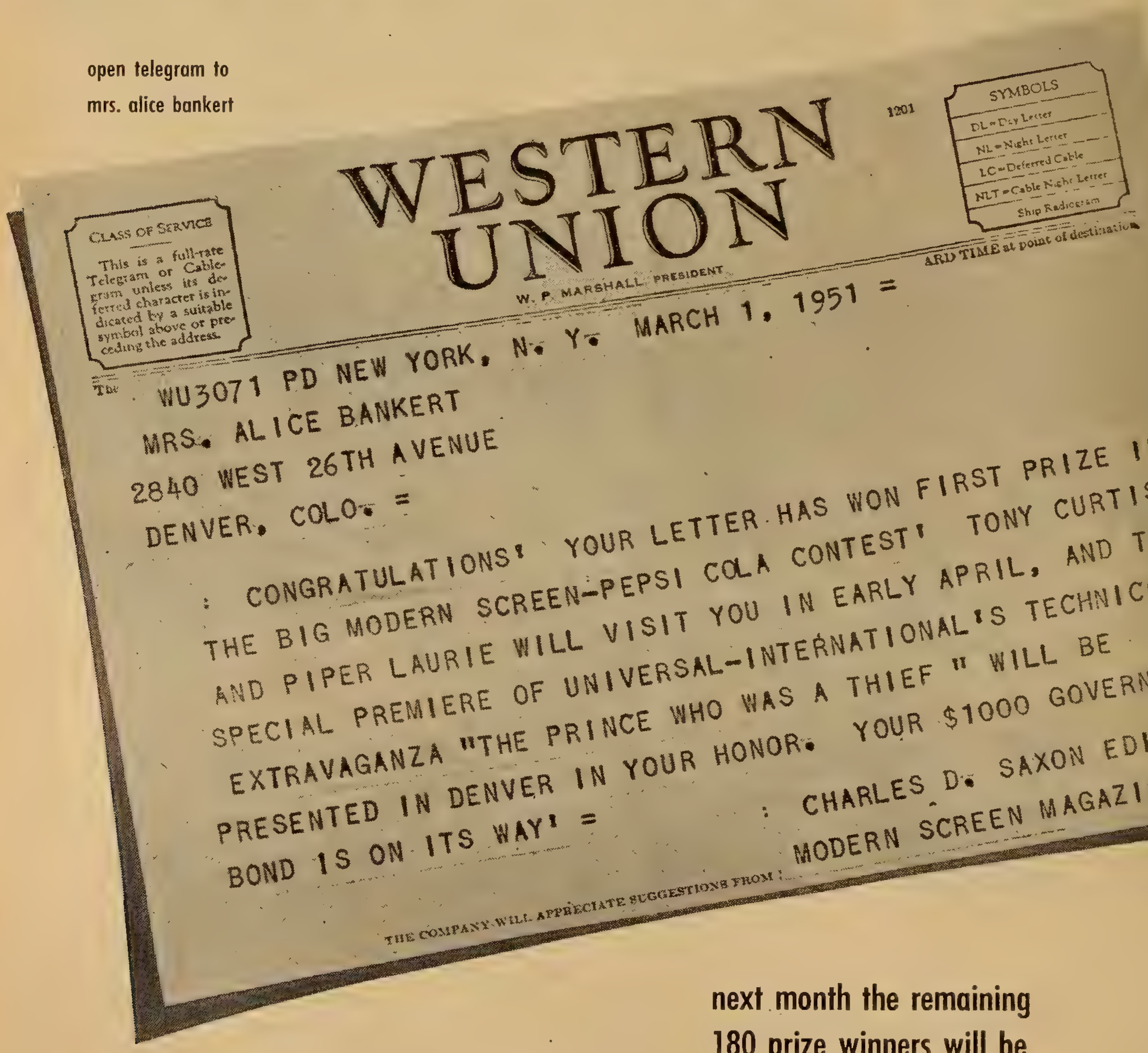


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bring a star to your home contest!

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: CONGRATULATIONS! YOUR LETTER HAS WON FIRST PRIZE IN THE BIG MODERN SCREEN-PEPSI COLA CONTEST! TONY CURTIS AND PIPER LAURIE WILL VISIT YOU IN EARLY APRIL, AND THE SPECIAL PREMIERE OF UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL'S TECHNICOLOR EXTRAVAGANZA "THE PRINCE WHO WAS A THIEF" WILL BE PRESENTED IN DENVER IN YOUR HONOR. YOUR $1000 GOVERNMENT BOND IS ON ITS WAY! = : CHARLES D. SAXON EDITOR, MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM

next month the remaining
180 prize winners will be
announced, with additional
prizes of over $5,500
to be awarded and

three additional home towns to be visited by tony curtis and piper laurie!

Which girl has the natural curl . . . and

which girl has the Toni?



Meet charming Jane Cartwright and Nellie Jane Cannon of New York City. The one with the Toni says, "My wave is soft as silk and it takes no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now—Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep, rippling waves and the natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—*far* longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Jane Cartwright, the beautiful blonde, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Shirlee Collins

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Ann Shumaker's Toni (at the right) with her sister Roxie's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni Home Permanent.

TONI REFILL ONLY $1



Toni the wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair!

YOUNG WIVES! READ HOW TO

get these extra advantages in

INTIMATE FEMININE HYGIENE



Greaseless Suppository Assures Hours of Continuous Medication!

Zonitors are one of the most important steps forward in intimate feminine cleanliness. They provide a modern scientific method of *continuous* medication—so much easier, less embarrassing to use yet one of the most effective methods. So *powerfully germicidal* yet so *absolutely safe* to delicate tissues.

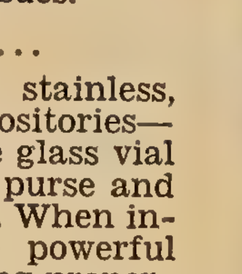
How Zonitors Work...

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories—each sealed in a separate glass vial—so easy to slip in your purse and carry if away from home. When inserted, Zonitors release powerful germicidal and deodorizing properties *for hours*. Positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. All you need is this dainty suppository. *No extra equipment.*

Destroy Offensive Odor

Zonitors actually destroy offensive odor. Help guard against infection. They kill every germ they touch. While it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, you can depend on Zonitors to *immediately* kill every reachable germ and stop them from multiplying. Any drugstore.

Zonitors



(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

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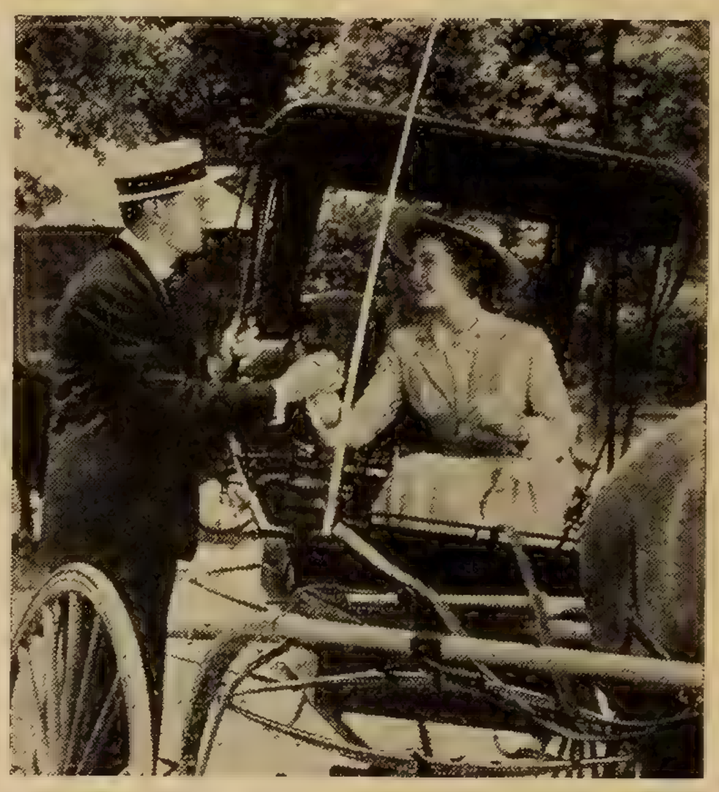
*Offer good only in U. S. and Canada.

movie reviews

by Christopher Kane



picture of the month



Reverend (Bill Lundigan), a new circuit-rider, introduces his city-bred bride (Susan) to the North Georgia mountain country.



Susan and Bill are sympathetic toward village play-boy (Rory Calhoun) who crashes their first party to see his girl against her parents' wishes.



The preacher is faced with many worries, including an epidemic. Then when the village atheist's son drowns at a Sunday school picnic, even Susan loses faith in Bill's religion.



Susan comes back to her senses and takes a constructive part in the work of the missionary society.

I'D CLIMB THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN

■ There's something very nice and warm about this picture. It deals with a country preacher (William Lundigan) and his new wife (Susan Hayward), and his new assignment on what's known as "the Mossy Creek circuit." William's route is studded with characters—Gene Lockhart, the parish skinflint (he's rich and he aims to stay that way); Alexander Knox, an atheist who won't let his children believe in Santa Claus; and Rory Calhoun, the neighborhood black sheep—to mention a few. Rory, by the way, is the biggest milksop of a black sheep I ever set eyes on. Wickedest thing he does is make eyes at a pretty girl, and at that, he wants to marry her. So it goes. There are tragedies for the young minister and his wife to face—an epidemic which kills many of their parishioners, a Sunday school picnic that ends in disaster when a little boy drowns, the loss of their own new-born baby—but they come through their trials shiningly. The hill people, the kind of parties they hold, the way they talk and look, the scene where the mourners at a small funeral walk along slowly singing an old hymn—these seemed wonderfully authentic and flavorful to me. I liked *I'd Climb The Highest Mountain.*—20th-Fox. *(For more reviews please turn to page 18.)*

The savage
charm and
reckless
escapades of
RUDOLPH VALENTINO-
the greatest
romantic idol
of them all!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
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VALENTINO

An EDWARD SMALL Production starring

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with Richard Carlson • Patricia Medina • Joseph Calleia

Written by George Bruce • Produced by EDWARD SMALL

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COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Amazing shampoo guaranteed not to rob hair of natural oils

Shasta lathers out beauty-dulling film—
Leaves in glamour-giving natural oils that make hair...



New Shasta, enriched with lanolin—that marvelous emollient from nature—does what women have always wanted from a shampoo ...lathers out beauty-dulling film, leaves in glamour-giving natural oils.

Shasta is guaranteed not to rob hair of precious, glamour-giving oils which keep your hair naturally shiny, soft, healthy, easier-to-manage.

See how Shasta persuades even hair that seems dull and dry to look softer, silkier; sparkle with gleaming highlights. Try new lanolin-enriched Shasta today. Remember, Shasta doesn't rob hair of its natural oils.



PROCTER & GAMBLE GUARANTEE: Shasta does not rob hair of natural oils. Procter & Gamble guarantees this or money back when unused portion is returned.

LANOLIN ENRICHED **Shasta** CREAM **Shampoo**

DOESN'T ROB HAIR OF NATURAL OILS

THE GROOM WORE SPURS

For sheer lots of plot, this picture deserves some special kind of prize. First we've got lawyer A. J. Furnival hired to represent cowboy movie star Jack Carson. Surprise! "A. J." turns out to be a woman, Ginger Rogers. Carson's in gambling debt trouble, marries Ginger, only to have her find out it was because the guy he owed the money to was an old friend of her father. Debt's canceled. So is marriage. Ginger's still Carson's lawyer, though, gets his option picked up by his studio. Then gambler who canceled debt is shot, and Jack's indicted for murder, and Ginger has to go visit her father's "underworld contacts" and track down the real killer. Maybe you had enough? Maybe you had too much? Carson mugs and double-takes more than seems quite human, and I felt sorry for Ginger.
Cast: Ginger Rogers, Jack Carson, Joan Davis, Stanley Ridges.—Universal-International.

ONLY THE VALIANT

After the Civil War, Gregory Peck did not lay down his arms, he went off to New Mexico and fought the Apaches. As a cavalry captain whose men hate him (he's a strict disciplinarian), Peck's got his work cut out. There's this mountain pass, see, and he's got to hold the Injuns back of the pass, until reinforcements arrive, otherwise them Indians are gonna come whooping through and shoot up every man, woman and child at the nearby fort and in the surrounding territory. Gregory's handful of malcontents start from the fort toward the pass, but instead of fighting Indians, they belabor one another, and in the end, Greg practically has to win the whole Indian war single-handed (except for a machine gun which arrives in the nick of time). As if this wasn't enough, Greg's girl doesn't understand him. She—buxom, blonde Barbara Payton—thinks he's sent his best friend off to get slaughtered in his place. Gregory's upper lip comes out on top, and I'm glad. He's the prettiest man I ever did see. Cast includes Lon Chaney as a soldier whose facial contortions and wild grunts would horrify a live lion; Ward Bond as a soldier who drinks too much; Jeff Corey as an Indian Scout.
Cast: Gregory Peck, Barbara Payton, Ward Bond, Gig Young, Lon Chaney.—Warner Bros.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO

College professor Ronald Reagan, son of a light-fingered Louis who spent much of his time in one pen and another, decides to make an experiment to prove it's environment and not heredity that really counts. He wishes to marry the dean's daughter, which gives him incentive for the experiment. The dean's old-fashioned, he believes like this: Your father's a dip? You're a dip. Or something. Reagan adopts a chimp, hires a girl (Diana Lynn) to be its mother, and proceeds to teach it right from wrong. And is that chimp cute! It wears pajamas, rides a bike, returns things that don't belong to it, and out-acts the more professional union members. Not that Reagan and Diana don't do nicely, just that they've got some kind of sickening momma-poppa dialogue to contend with. Naturally, Diana falls in love with Reagan, who doesn't realize it. He's the thickest psychiatrist in the world—needs things spelled out for him, and signed by Kinsey. The picture's certainly enjoyable and Bonzo's terrific.
Cast: Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn, Walter Slezak.—Universal-International.

RAWHIDE

Tyrone Power, whose father owns a stagecoach line, is out at a godforsaken station called Rawhide, learning the business, when things bust loose. First Susan Hayward and her dead sister's baby arrive in on the Eastbound stage, and Susan pulls a tantrum when she finds she'll have to stay in Rawhide overnight. Reason for this: Four desperadoes have broken out of a nearby jail, and they may attack the stage. Not safe for a lady to ride. (Susan doesn't exactly act like a lady, but who cares?) Well, where do you suppose those desperadoes show up? Right! Rawhide Station. Villains include Hugh Marlowe (he's educated, but a murderer), Dean Jagger (he's flea-bitten, and his feet hurt), George Tobias (he doesn't say much, and when he does, it's with an accent). Fourth desperado is Jack Elam, a sex maniac type who goes around all but drooling. Tyrone and Susan, who have nothing to cling to but each other and a long-handled kitchen knife, make do, and come out all right, but plenty of folks get kilt first.

Cast: Tyrone Power, Susan Hayward, Hugh Marlowe, Dean Jagger.—20th Century-Fox.

CALL ME MISTER

First Fox buys the rights to a rousing Broadway hit like *Call Me Mister*, full of wonderful music, skits, etc.; then it throws away most of the music, skits, etc., and starts out fresh. Of the eight songs in this picture, only three are from the show, and one of these has a revised lyric. *Call Me Mister* (movie version) is just another of life's little disappointments, I guess. Story deals with actress Betty Grable out in Japan to put on a show for the troops, of the troops and by the troops. She needs 40 men, and she gets them, including one she doesn't want in the person of AWOL Sergeant Dan Dailey, her not-yet-divorced husband. Dan used to have a roving eye, but Betty still loves him, and they kick this situation back and forth until you get the general idea; and Danny Thomas, the comedian, does the one classy piece of work in the whole business. He's funny every time they give him a chance. It's in Technicolor.

Cast: Betty Grable, Dan Dailey, Danny Thomas, Dale Robertson.—20th Century-Fox.

PHOTO CREDITS

Below you will find credited page by page the photos which appear in this issue.

6 Bert Parry—7 L. Bert Parry, R. John Engstead—20-21 Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—27 Bert Parry—30 T. Paramount, B. Bob Beerman—31 T. Bob Beerman, C. Bert Parry, B. Joe Heppner—33 Bob Beerman—34-36 Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—37 Universal—38 T. Hollywood Pictorial Service, C. Staff, B. INP SoundPhoto—39 T.L. Bob Beerman, T.R. Staff, C.L. Bert Parry, C.R. Acme, B.L. Wide World, B.C. Alborough, B.R. Staff—40 Nelson Morris—42-45 Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—48 Globe—49 Bob Beerman—50 T.L., T.R., C.R., B.C. Wide World, B.L. Press Association, B.R. Bert Parry, C.L. Bert Parry-Bob Beerman—51 T.R. Wide World, B.L. Bert Parry-Bob Beerman, T.L., B.R. Steve Hannagan Ass'n—52-53 Staff—55-59 Joe Heppner—66-72 Carmen Schiavone.

Abbreviations: B., Bottom; T., Top; L., Left; C., Center; R., Right.



FIRST NEW KIND OF GIRDLE in 11 years, the amazing Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle has *all* the famous Playtex figure-slimming power and freedom *plus* the *extra coolness and comfort of fabric next to your skin!*



Balmain Paris Designer

Emphasizes Vertical Line in his Slim New Silhouette, recommends

Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle

FABRIC NEXT TO YOUR SKIN



"AMERICAN with French accent is my new fashion," says Balmain. "It's a slender silhouette that comes naturally when you wear Playtex.®"



IT CARESSES YOU to new slimness! For the new Playtex FAB-LINED Girdle has a cloud-soft fabric lining fused to the smooth latex sheath without a seam, stitch or bone! And it washes in seconds, dries in a flash.



Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network
(see local papers for time and channel)

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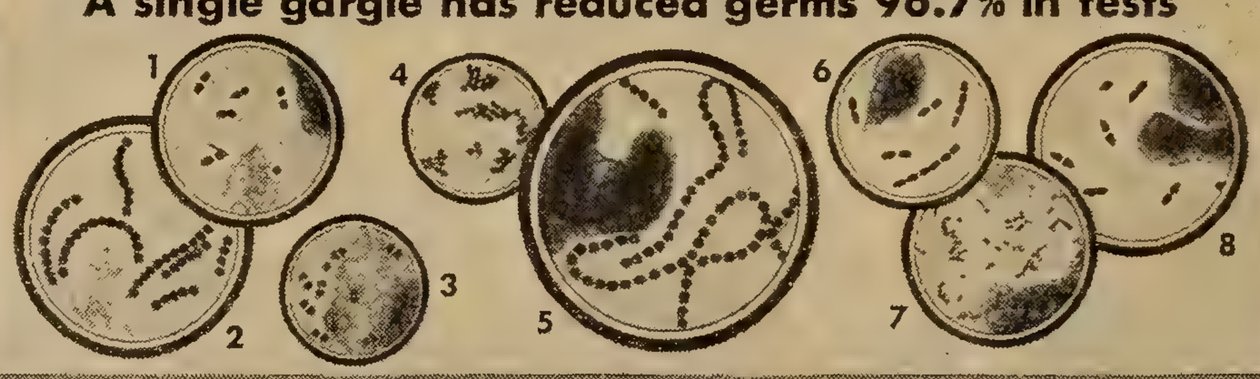
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PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES **$5.95** to **$6.95**
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(All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.)
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large
Extra-large sizes, slightly higher
At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere

When a **COLD** threatens to run through a family

...it's Listerine Antiseptic for Everybody!



A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



Among the SECONDARY INVADERS are the following: (1) Pneumococcus Type IV, (2) Streptococcus viridans, (3) Micrococcus catarrhalis, (4) Staphylococcus aureus, (5) Streptococcus hemolyticus, (6) Friedlander's bacillus, (7) Bacillus influenzae, (8) Pneumococcus Type III.

A safe, direct way to fight infection

IF SOMEONE in your home has a cold don't let it become a "family epidemic".

Prompt and repeated use of Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle may keep the infection from spreading . . . protect the person who hasn't a cold from the one who has. It's a safe, direct way to help avoid infection.

Kills Secondary Invaders

You see, Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs called Secondary Invaders.

They are the very germs that many authorities say cause much of the misery of colds when they invade the tissue.

Listerine Antiseptic often halts such an invasion, attacks the germs before they can attack you.

Tests showed germ reductions up to 96.7% even 15 minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle; up to 80% even one hour after.

Whatever else you do

So, whatever else you do, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a sneeze, cough or sniffle. It's a safe, direct way to attack the invasion —no dangerous side effects.

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■ Each month a different star shop
for herself—and for you—with on
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merchandise cannot be returne

piper laurie

your hollywood shopper

for april



Universal star, Piper Laurie, is a home-body. Only 18, she's already a veteran bargain hunter.

■ As an actress, I'm a newcomer. But as a shopper, I'm quite an old-timer. That's because, through the years, my mother has carefully taught me to recognize a bargain when I see one.

I'm in my glory when a birthday or some other special event comes along for Dad, Mother, sister Sherry, or brother-in-law Mel. And, of course, every time I go near a toy department, I find at least ten playthings I'd like for my five-year-old cousin Linda.

The only trouble is, I'm inclined to spot too many bargains and have an awfully hard time getting out of the stores without an armload of packages piled sky high. When MODERN SCREEN asked me to be the Hollywood Shopper for April, I explained my problem. "Don't worry a bit," was the reassuring reply. "We have millions of readers!"

So for you (and me, too!) I went traveling. With one eye on Easter and the other on Spring, I found loads of terrific buys in the finest shops in the country.

And now MODERN SCREEN brings you the results—prize plums for your folks, friends and home—as well as you. Take your pick, then order directly from the store mentioned under each picture.

Have a wonderful time choosing your gifts. And I hope the Easter bunny will be extra good to you!



IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM! *Just slip on this eye-catching bracelet and you'll have all the boys flocking round to identify all the fascinating little charms. More than a dozen unique conversation pieces linked together to form a most unusual bit of jewelry. Heart and keys, scissors, true-false scale and canasta score board are but a few of my favorites. The gold or silver colored metal danglers are only $1.25 each. Charm Creations, 2 E. 23 Street, New York 10.*



THIS IS JUST MY DISH! *It's a gay 20-piece set of modern plastic dinnerware. Smart yet sturdy, this place-setting for four is perfect for the times when Sis and I entertain, and practical when we're dining solo. Square-shaped and made to be treated casually, they come in any combination of chartreuse, wine, emerald and grey, or a whole set in one color. They're truly stunning on colored cloths. $5.95 for the set. Horizon House, Box 628, Summit, N. J.*



ALL IN A NUTSHELL. *In a fat golden walnut you'll find all the essentials of a portable emergency sewing kit. It comes equipped with a thimble, assorted pins, needles and thread . . . so you're well supplied. I certainly found it handy making* The Prince Who Was A Thief. *It takes up so very little room, and is always ready for service. It's saved my life just dozens of times and costs a mere $1.00. Goubaud de Paris, 743 Fifth Ave., New York 22.*

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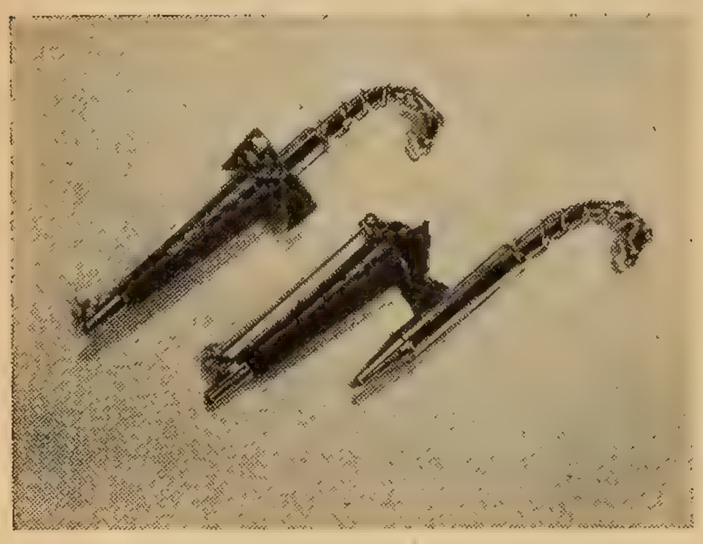
for april



In *The Prince Who Was A Thief* I play the part of a robber. But these real-life bargains turned the tables and stole my heart away.



TO MAKE ANY GAL TRIGGER-HAPPY! *Sure to knock 'em dead, this tiny pistol atomizer quickly loads your best scent. A mere pull on the trigger sets off a sweet spray. Worn as a brooch, or on a bracelet or belt, this leak-proof wonder is a real "scent-sation". Finest gold plate with cobra grips and holster. Easy to fill. $3.00. With plain holster, $2.00. It even comes with pearl grips, chamois holster, $3.50. The Aladin, 16 E. 52 St., New York 22.*



APRIL SHOWERS BRING MAY FLOWERS, *but to any fashion fan, they bring on a flurry of smart umbrellas—usable or wearable. Here's a chic parasol pin, designed in Paris. A fine leather case with perky bow conceals a long gold-plated umbrella that is a lead pencil in disguise. A captivating lapel pin and very handy gadget. It comes in smart bright shades of red, blue, green leather. $2.34. Spencer Gifts, 1117 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, N. J.*



THE DOLL WITH A THOUSAND FACES *depends on your tot's artistic ability. Scribbles, the doll with a washable, wipable plastic face and body, is easily crayonned into any mood. A line here or there has her laughing, crying or pouting. She stands 15" high, wearing a cute polka dot bonnet and matching dress. She sports a shoulder strap plastic bag of crayons. She will provide hours of fun for your youngster. $2.98. The Toy Chest, 408 Second Ave., New York 10.*



TO EACH A WELCOME "BLOW". *Handkerchiefs are always a welcome gift for the folks at Easter, and these are really prize-packaged. Pert parasols made out of three imported Swiss hankies in assorted prints to thrill Mom and Sis; fairy tales for kiddies. For Dad and Junior, one nice white hankie rolled to resemble a Corona cigar. Mom's $2.98; Sis' $1.98; Dad's $1.25; Junior's 65¢. Walter Thomas, 716 Wilshire Blvd., Santa Monica 36, Calif.*



FOR GALS WHO CRY WOLF. *A charming and useful trinket that should dispel any fear of venturing out after dark. A handy gold-toned combo key-ring and policeman's whistle that is an immediate and audible SOS as well as being a practical custodian of your keys. A useful gadget—a piece that should get an appreciative whistle from your favorite wolf. In fact he might very well want one himself. $1.00. Dextor, 53 West 49 Street, New York 19.*



SURE TO TIE THE KNOT. *These handsome cravats will thrill your one-and-only at Easter . . . a pure silk regimental stripe in 28 different color combos, here in red and silver; a neat silk foulard for a conservative swain in a tri-colored pattern (pictured here in royal, grey and white); or a smart brown rayon tie with a bold horsy print. Fine wool linings. You can literally name your own colors. $1.00 ea. Cardinal, 557 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



THEY'RE DESIGNED FOR GRACIOUS LIVING. *A massive crystal ash tray specked with tiny air bubbles is mated with a fine cigarette cup. Modern in shape, the tray is roundish and will take care of several smokers. The cup is smart and square shaped. Easy to see they're handmade . . . by Erickson. In vibrant shades of grey, champagne, amber and clear, to add to any decor. Ashtray $4.50, cup $3.50. Designed For Living, 131 E. 57 Street, New York 22.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order.



WATERING CANS THAT SPRINKLE SPICES! *This trusty twosome keeps salt and pepper right on tap. These miniature sprinklers are made with aluminum tops and bottoms, and plastic bodies. They do a fine job of table decoration, and I think they're smart as individual place settings, too. Perfect as a hostess gift and one that rates another invitation. Or why not use them as bridge and canasta prizes? Set of two only, $1.00. Carla Jill Studios, Northport, L. I.*



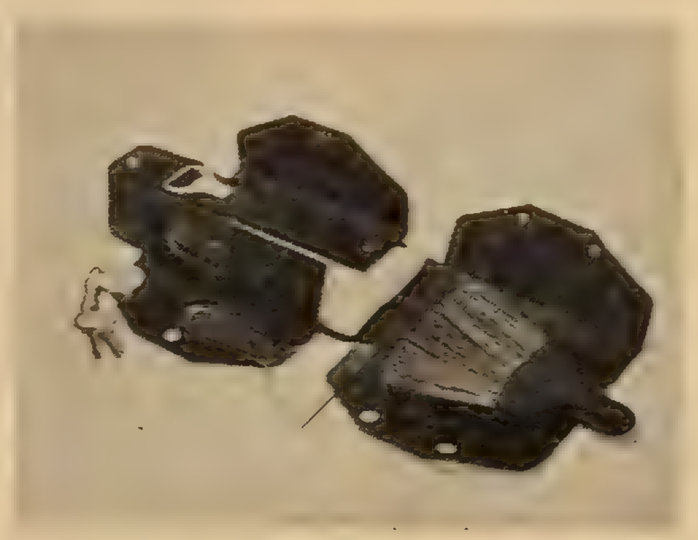
A COLLECTION OF HORSELESS CARRIAGES. *Eight fine color prints, 6"x8½", of early buggies to delight the man in the house (and his missus too!). Recognize the Cadillac, Ford, Olds or Packard? You see the earliest models dating from 1877. Quaint and charming today, a terrific set of prints to frame and decorate your living room or library wall. Framed or unframed, they make a grand gift. Set $3.50 (unframed). Creste-Andover, 2 Park Ave., New York 16.*



FOR YOUR FAVORITE SHUTTER-BUG *(and it might very well be you). It's the complete works for the young photographer, including the prime prerequisite—a fine little camera. The set also contains a roll of 127 Kodak film and chemicals, equipment and paper for printing your prize pictures. A cinch to operate and much more fun than just* watching *the birdie. You'll love this hobby. $7.95. Howard Products, 301 South Eighth Street, Boise, Idaho.*



PRECIOUS PIXIES FOR YOUR MASCOTS! *These winsome little folk come straight from California to bring you good luck and fortune and lots of chuckles. With hand-painted faces and highly glazed bodies, these ceramic cuties take over your mantel, table or any spot on which they happen to perch. They love an indoor rock garden. Four poses in chartreuse, red or green. You'll find them irresistible. $1.00 each. Cliff's Trading Post, Crestline, California.*



A MUST FOR ANY MOTORIST. *Whether you're off on a coast-to-coast junket or just cruising, you'll find this car kit handy. An attractive plastic kit with owner's name or initials stamped in gold, it fits in the glove compartment. Has windshield scraper, bottle opener, four screw drivers on a disk, dust cloth, comb and clothes brush. You'll wonder how you managed without it. Blue black, brown and tan. $2.75. Greenland Studios, Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh 17, Pa.*



CHOOSE YOUR MAN'S FAVORITE WEAPON *and see what a hit it makes with him as an unusual tie holder. Whether he's at work or play, the hunting gun, riding crop and golf stick, in finest gold plate, are smartly styled by Manleigh to show off to their best advantage when they're on the job. If you can't decide which tie clip to give, I'm sure he'd like all three of them. $2.00 each. Irvington Shirt Shop, 1515 Broadway, New York 18.*



FOR YOUR "SUNDAY BEST" *(and I do mean Easter). Here's a versatile, short-sleeved blouse inspired by the United Nations. A line-up of three gayly colored flags accented in gold, and a smart center stripe give this blouse real zip. In rayon tissue faille by Tanbro; it comes in six heavenly color schemes, featuring white, black, navy, grey, red and yellow backgrounds. Sizes 32 to 38, $6.14. Franklin Simon, Fifth Ave., & 38 St., New York 18.*



MAKE A GAME OF SAVING *with this terrific basketball bubble bank, and have the kids hoarding their pennies to play. The bank's made of durable red plastic and comes with 50 balls of multi-colored bubble gum. Just slip a penny, nickel or dime in the slot, then shoot for a basket with gum for your ball. Score a hit and out it comes, a delicious prize (miss and it goes back). $2.00, gum refills, 25¢ each. Bloomingdale Bros., Lexington Ave. & 59 St., New York 22.*



THREE CHEERS FOR POLLY PUSHCART! *She's a saucy little miss who's always ready to protect your private paraphernalia. Her cart stands 3" high, a perfect size for a load of cigarettes, bobby pins, toothpicks or even candies. Hand-painted wood in bright, bright colors, she's an adorable addition to any household, and a must for your dressing table. Polly makes a cute inexpensive gift, too. $1.25, Green Gable Gifts, Gracie Station, New York 28.*

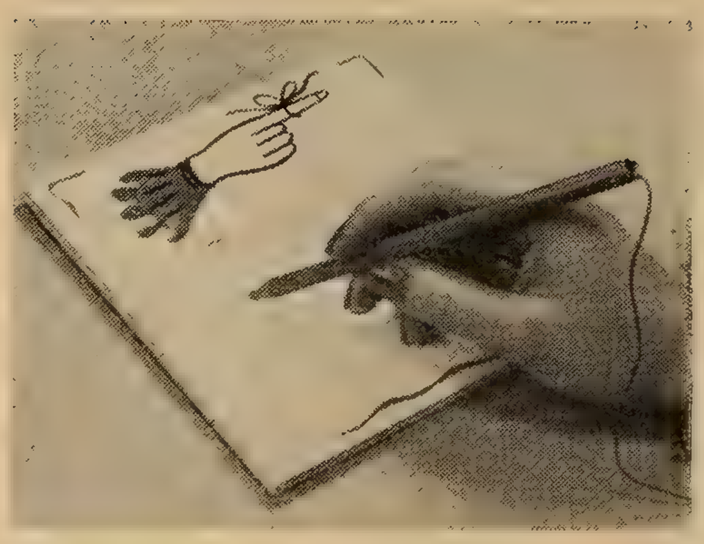
Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

piper laurie

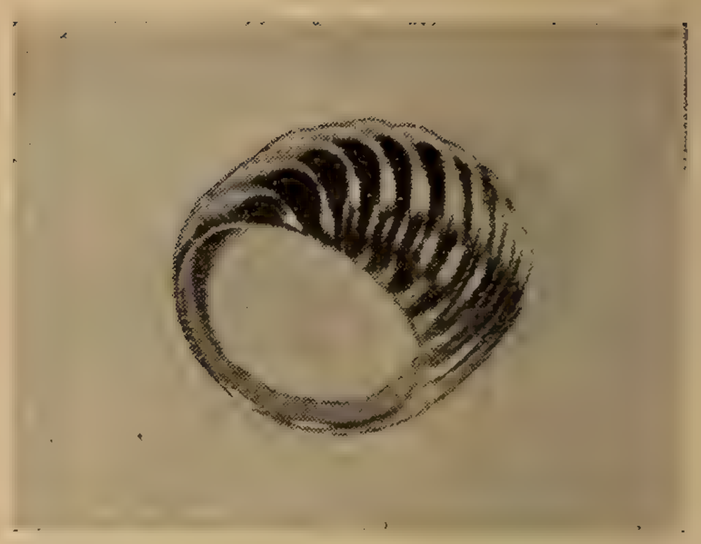
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for april

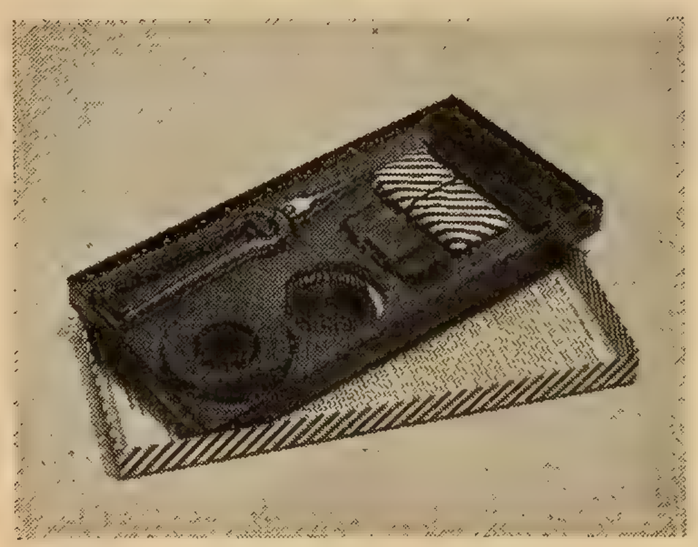




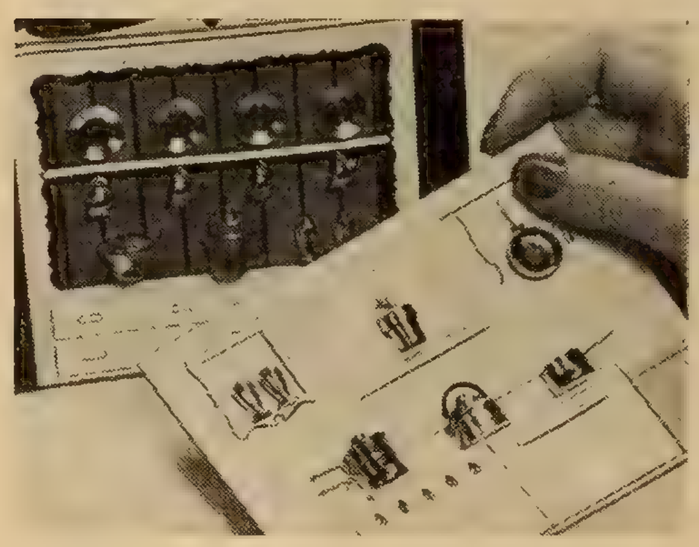
WIPE YOUR SLATE CLEAN! *Make copious notes, doodles, shopping lists (that's for me!) or take phone messages on this attractive memo tile. When they're past interest, erase them with a simple swish of a damp cloth. A red china-marking pencil comes attached to the slate for note-making. Tile in white with red or green design of a thread around index finger. Doubles as hot plate, paperweight or trivet. $2.50. Carol Janeway, 113 West 10 St., New York 11.*



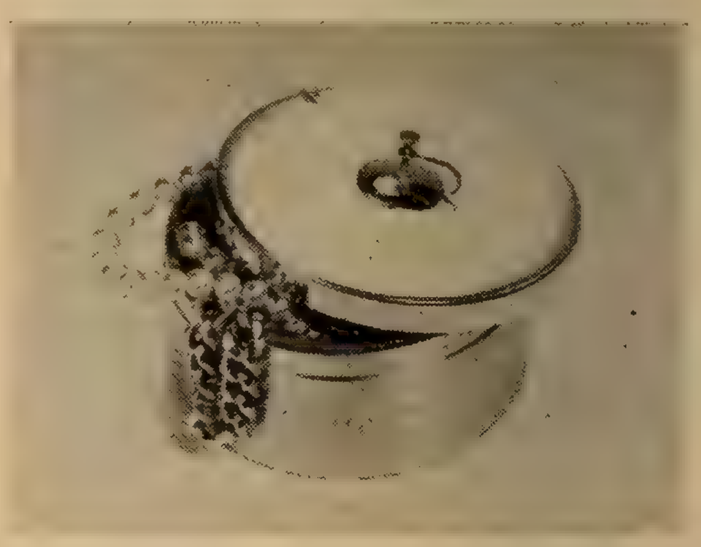
GIVE ME A RING ANYTIME. *Yes, anytime at all, especially now for Spring, I'd adore this stunning golden ring. Flattering to your finger, it's a faithful copy of a fabulous jeweler's ring selling for lots more. Bold diagonal fluting that tapers off at the sides gives it great chic. I'll wear mine right around the clock. Gold plate $2.50. Pair of matching earrings $2.50. Ring in 14K gold, $30.00. Sanlys, Dept. MS, 545 Fifth Ave., New York 17.*



TO CULTIVATE YOUR GREEN THUMB, *here is a wonderful Flower Arranger Kit to help you rival the corner florist. There's an assortment of professional looking equipment with full directions, making it a cinch to manipulate. The kit includes plummers lead, a hammer-shear, florist's tape, two different size holders, green wire, florist sticks and clay. You're bound to make stunning floral groupings. $4.95. Swift Flower Arranger, Woodbridge, Conn.*



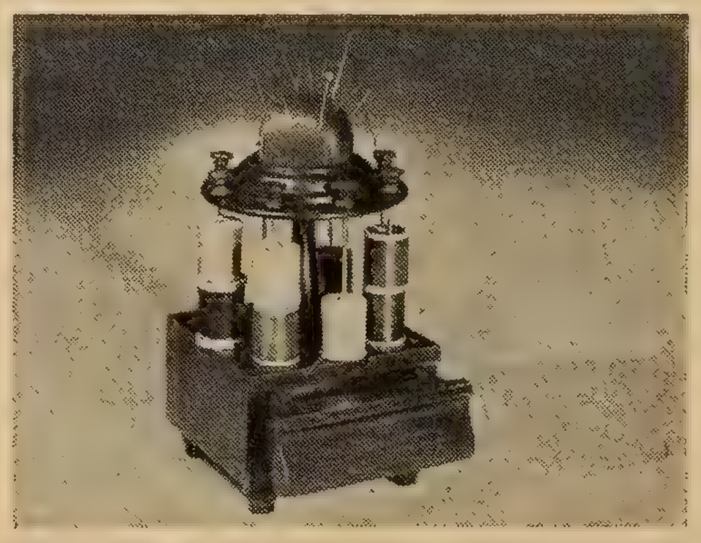
FOR KIDS AND COLLECTORS ALIKE! *These two miniature sets in shining brass delight both children and grownups. One, a breakfast set, includes cups and saucers as well as coffee and sugar pots with removable tops. The other is an adorable set to outfit a doll house kitchen with its double boiler, pots and pans and even a little flower pot. Each set only $1.00. (You'll probably want both of them.) Croff Crafts, P. O. Box 919, Houston, Texas.*



CONTAINER FOR YOUR CROWN JEWELS. *Precious or paste, this darling booty box will house them well. Shaped like a tiny hat box in shining gold plate, topped by an earring holder, it's 3" in diameter. A red velvet lining protects your prized trinkets. It's a wonderful traveling jewel case for any gal who lives out of a suitcase. It also comes in a variety of bright shades to match your bedroom colors. $3.50. McCreery's, Fifth Avenue and 34th St., New York 1.*



YOU'LL CERTAINLY HAVE HIS NUMBER *if you use this clever jiffy phone index that attaches firmly right onto the telephone itself. It's very simple to operate, too. A spin of the wheel and the number you want turns right up. There's room for more than 200 names and phone numbers, all of them readily at your fingertips. Completely encased in a sanitary black enamel metal case. $2.50. Green Jade Tree, 10 Sanford St., Fairfield, Conn.*



FOR MISS "SEW-AND-SEW". *Anyone who can thread a needle will want this cunning sewing helper of solid cherry with hand-rubbed finish. A real collector's item with a partitioned serpentine drawer that has a secret lock. Easily removable brass spindles with turned wood top will hold 16 spools of thread. Topped off with a fat pin cushion. Stands 8" tall. A buy for $5.95. Carl Forslund, 120 East Fulton Street, Grand Rapids 2, Michigan.*



START YOUR OWN FAMILY HEIRLOOMS. *This jewel-studded Fleur-de-lis fob is a handsome front for a family album locket. Spring catch opens to reveal four penny-size miniature picture frames. Gold plate pin, chased and embossed, set with simulated pearls and choice of emerald, ruby or amethyst-colored stones, or all pearl. Fine finishing touch to your Easter suit, blouse or dress. $3.95. Hyde's, Dept. MS-4, 135-37 Northern Blvd., Flushing, N. Y.*

To buy any of the items on these pages, write direct to shops mentioned, enclosing check or money order. Merchandise is sold on a money back guarantee within 10 days, except where monogrammed.

THE BEAUTY SECRET OF THOUSANDS OF FASCINATING WOMEN!

Glamourous Complexion Beauty

Yours Instantly WITH HOLLYWOOD'S ULTRA-SMOOTH MAKE-UP



featuring
JANE GREER
starring in RKO Radio's
"THE COMPANY SHE KEEPS"
uses Pan-Cake for her
ultra smooth complexion

You, too...can discover this thrilling beauty secret! It's PAN-CAKE make-up...created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Instantly, magical complexion glamour ...romantic as stardust is yours. ☆ For the one-and-only Pan-Cake not only reveals the true beauty of your own natural coloring, but veils your complexion with the excitingly glamorous ULTRA-SMOOTH finish that only Pan-Cake can give. ☆ Conceals every tiny blemish and freckle. Non-drying and protective...keeps complexions younger. ☆ Whisk on ever so lightly and notice how long its fresh glowing loveliness stays. ☆ The complexion secret of thousands of fascinating women is yours, today...with PAN-CAKE make-up!

In 9 Color Harmony Skin Tones, $1.60 plus tax



Act now...discover the secret of Hollywood Complexion Glamour

SEND FOR YOUR TRIAL SIZE PAN-CAKE TODAY!

Just fill in chart...check carefully and mail

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO
Dept. 10, Box 941, Hollywood 28, California

Please send me my trial size Pan-Cake...also, my personal Complexion Analysis, Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 32-page, color illustrated book, "The New Art of Make-Up." I enclose 10¢ in coin to help cover cost of postage and handling.

Name_____
PLEASE PRINT NAME & ADDRESS
Address_____
City_____ Zone____
State_____ Age____

COMPLEXION			
Fair	☐	Creamy	☐
Medium	☐	Ruddy	☐
Sallow	☐	Freckled	☐
Olive	☐	Dp Olive	☐
SKIN			
Normal	☐		
Dry	☐	Oily	☐
EYES			
Blue	☐	Hazel	☐
Gray	☐	Brown	☐
Green	☐	Black	☐
LASHES [Color]			
☐ Light	☐ Med.	☐ Dark	
HAIR			
BLONDE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
BRUNETTE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
BROWNETTE			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
REDHEAD			
Light	☐	Dark	☐
GRAY HAIR			
Check here ☐ also check former hair coloring above			

651-17P

*PAN-CAKE (TRADEMARK) MEANS MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD CAKE MAKE-UP

MAKE-UP BY MAX FACTOR

—The greatest flatterer of them all! Hollywood

Yours for Lasting Lip Loveliness!



Cashmere Bouquet Lipstick

Creamy, and oh so clinging . . . . in eight fashion-right shades!

Just 29¢

In the popular swivel case

Your lips have been *waiting* for Cashmere Bouquet—and Cashmere Bouquet for your lips. So luxuriously smooth, *naturally* clinging, that your lips take on a fresh look, a luscious look, one that says right out "I *dare* you!" And somewhere among Cashmere Bouquet's eight flattering shades is one that's made just for you. But why not see for yourself, today!

Look your loveliest with Cashmere Bouquet



Face Powder
Hand Lotion
Talcum Powder
All-Purpose Cream



everybody is asking:

what happened to lana's marriage?

by Steve Cronin

■ The trouble with most Hollywood rumors is that usually there's a germ of truth in them. But each time you look for the germ, someone clubs you with a heavy denial.

A few months ago, for example, when Liz Taylor and Nicky Hilton were sandpapering each other's temperaments from Los Angeles to Rome, Liz vehemently announced, "If people would only leave us alone, I'm sure we could be very happy." Three weeks later she was filing for divorce.

Two weeks before she announced the end of her marriage, Barbara Stanwyck said, "I'm going up to San Francisco to be with Bob when he has his operation. Does that look as if we're thinking of separating?"

These ladies are superb actresses, and when they deny something as intimate as a marital difficulty—they do it with such mastery that it's more than convincing. Shirley Temple denied her troubles with John Agar, Kathryn Grayson her quarrels with Johnny Johnston, Betty Hutton her disputes with Ted Briskin, and now Lana Turner her (*Continued on page 87*)

This is the story of a phenomenal man who made show-business his kingdom. Twenty years ago, he was a singer looking for a job. Today he is a legend. The story, which begins in this issue, is one of the most complete and informative ever written about Mr. Music. THE EDITORS

THE BING CROSBY STORY

BY TOM CARLILE

■ During the year of 1951, an aging jazz singer named Bing Crosby will reach the all-time peak of his popularity. This prediction has been made before; in fact, every year since 1936. Yet, this year, Bing Crosby will be accorded such universal acclaim that the only honor left for his old age, with the possible exception of the Presidency of the United States, would be an outright gift of Fort Knox.

This year is Bing's year. From January through December, the people of America will be constantly reminded by their newspapers, their radios, their record shops, and their neighborhood theaters that the Old Groaner is celebrating his 20th anniversary in show business.

In the 20 crowded years which have ensued since he first stood before a microphone in the New York studios of CBS, Bing Crosby has made a deeper impression on our national culture than any other personality of our time, with the possible exception of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. The thousands of songs which he has sung are lastingly imbedded in the emotional life of two generations. His records have sold more than 70,000,000 copies, his 43 motion pictures have amassed a total gross revenue of more than $1,000,000,000 and have been seen by more than 500,000,000 people the world over. His weekly radio program, now in its 18th year, remains high in popularity at a time when television is ringing the death knell over many of the established shows on the air.

During the month of January, inspired by the release of his latest Paramount picture, *Mr. Music,* Decca Records, CBS, Liggett and Myers, Famous Music, and Paramount Pictures joined forces in a gigantic salute to Bing Crosby, and the response of the nation was overwhelming. On "We the People," Otto Harbach, (*Continued on page 31*)





An L.A. station dedicated a day to Bing. Jane Wyman, Jerry Lewis, Frank Capra visit the mobile unit on the Paramount lot.



THE TWO BOBS IN BING'S LIFE. Though younger brother Bob claims he's been living off Bing's middle register for years, he has a healthy career as a singer, himself, and a top dance band.



Bing's friendship with Hope dates back to 1931. He m.c.'d a show where Bob was a comic. They've been repartee-ing ever since. They're perfect foils, and when ad-libbing, they're perfect fools.



president of ASCAP, made an unprecedented award to Bing and acclaimed him as "the one man who has done more for popular music than anyone else." More than 1200 disc jockeys all over the country echoed the words of Martin Block who, during a two-hour tribute from the lobby of New York's Paramount Theater, said, "For the disc jockeys of America, I want to say that if there is any one guy in the world who made the disc jockeys popular, it was a fellow named Bing Crosby; and I, personally, will be eternally grateful for your wonderful work, your wonderful records, and the entertainment that you've brought to the people of America." Decca Records, searching for an adequate testimonial of his value as a recording artist, presented Bing with a gold record of "White Christmas." This record, incidentally, has sold more than 7,000,000 pressings to date.

On January 10th, designated as "Bingsday" across the land, hundreds of prominent persons from all over the world sent congratulatory wires to Bing at his studio. It is estimated that, before the year is out, more than 5,000,000 Crosby fans will have written their personal best wishes to him.

Today, at 48, Bing Crosby seems to gain strength as he rolls along. *Mr. Music* will undoubtedly be one of the largest grossers in Paramount history. In honor of his 20th anniversary, Decca Records will reissue many albums of Bing's movie songs, many of which have long been unavailable to the public. These together with the 30-odd new songs he will record this year, very probably will bring his total record sales near the 100,000,000 mark.

By his own admission, Bing Crosby is not a romantic figure. Perhaps because he is not, he is one of the few personalities in Hollywood who have successfully managed to bridge the gap to middle age with no attendant loss of popularity. This is largely due to the fact that the amiable, easy-going character he portrays in films and on the air is, in reality, Bing Crosby himself. Over the years, his unpretentious and serene conduct has been one of the most comforting and reassuring influences of our troubled times. Bing is not only America's most beloved entertainer; he is also one of the few men in public life on whom people can focus their minds and their hearts when they are anguished and low in spirit.

For a man with such a significant burden of responsibility, Bing lives his public life, as always, with a seemingly minute amount of bustle and care. To the casual observer, he sometimes gives the impression of complete effortlessness and, at times, of downright indifference. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. As the people who work with him know, Bing ambles through his day with his mind in a state of (*Continued on page 95*)



Bing loves to live comfortably wherever he happens to be, so he maintains several homes. This one's at Pebble Beach.



The Crosby homes match his easy, rambling singing style. Their vine-covered Holmby Hills house is Dixie's favorite.



Dinner-time at Elko, Nevada. The boys work on the 20,000 acre ranch, which is stocked with 4,000 head of prime cattle.

never lost a father

by Jane Wilkie





Dick made the picture of the perfect father here when he and June visited the Tennessee Children's Home last year. Daughter Pam was adopted there and they hoped to find her a brother.



As June admired the babies she didn't dream that she would return to Hollywood and find she was pregnant. Now that their own Ricky has arrived, the Powells may adopt other children.

"My time has come," she told Dick. He started to grow faint. "Keep calm!" he shouted, as June quietly braided her hair. Anyway, Herman's finally here, and the proud Powells call him Ricky.

● When they wheeled Junie out of the delivery room last December 24th, a man who had been waiting in the corridor came galloping to her side and leaned over her, adoration written on his face.

"Darling, you're wonderful," he said.

"Thank you very much," said June, fighting through the cloud of anesthetic. "But who are you?"

Her husband stood back, dumbstruck. "Sorry," he said, "I must have the wrong woman."

June giggled. You certainly have, she thought. Then she recognized Dick. She had heard about the ordeals of new fathers, but even so, she wasn't prepared for this. Dick's face was bathed in perspiration, and he looked as though he had scaled the Empire State Building on a July day.

"Are you glad it's a boy?" she said.

He nodded, ran a finger inside his collar. "You all right?"

They said nothing more until June was tucked into bed and the nurse had left. Then Dick said a lot of things which we figure are his own business, and after that he took her left hand and slipped on her finger an exact duplicate of her wedding ring.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and a lot of other things.

When he'd been evicted by the nurse, June had a precious 15 minutes to think about the past and dream about the future before she fell asleep.

It had really happened. She hadn't waited any longer than other women; in fact, a shorter time than most. But the waiting had seemed so long. And now she had a son. Funny how sure she had been that it would be a boy. She remembered talking to the doctor when she went into the delivery room, and she had said, "You take good care of my son."

Way back when she first knew she was pregnant, she and Dick had kiddingly referred to the baby as Herman. There must have been a lot of publicity about that, because when they finally decided to name the baby Richard Keith Powell, she received a letter from her mother in New York. "I'm so glad you've chosen Richard for a boy," her mother had written in relief. "It's a much nicer name than Herman."

Ricky. He hadn't been very big. Five pounds and one ounce. She'd been frightened when she saw the doctor put an oxygen mask over the baby's face. But soon he had cried, a funny kind of a little cry, (*Continued on page 62*)

Peggy Dow and Dick Long play "Truth or Consequences" on the floor of Ralph Edwards' playroom. That's Ralph on the couch.

it's a marshmallow whirl

To tell the truth, nobody at Ralph Edwards' party gave a hang about the consequences—they were so much fun!

BY BEVERLY OTT



Dick and Rock Hudson whip up bonnets for Peggy and Vera-Ellen. (*Right*) The girls pose in them.

■ I guess I don't have to tell you that the man hanging off the couch at the left is Ralph Edwards, probably the zaniest quizmaster of the century. If you haven't seen him, you haven't lived—or died—depending on whether you've been a spectator or a participant on his "Truth or Consequences" show.

The people on the floor beneath Mr. Edwards are Peggy Dow and Richard Long. They started on the couch, too, with nothing between them but a marshmallow on a string. Just shows you how a little thing like a marshmallow can bring people down to earth. But before this story runs away from me I'd better catch it at the beginning.

I work for MODERN SCREEN at its Hollywood office. Came closing time one evening and there I sat with my feet in the desk drawer and no place to go but home. All of a sudden in walked Rock Hudson.

"Come on," he said.

"Exactly where?" I asked, leaping up, putting on my shoes and powdering my nose in one magnificent gesture.

"CBS," he explained, patiently, "the 'Truth or Consequences' show."

"With you, Rock?" I said, sighing. "That will be lovely."

"With us," said a firm, feminine voice at the door. And there stood Vera-Ellen, Peggy Dow and Dick Long.

I had no real objections so we all went over to CBS. An influential friend of Peggy, named Barbara, met us at the studio and led us to seats in the front row.

Ralph Edwards started walking up and down the aisles looking for contestants and I made myself very obvious by trying to trip him every time he passed and showing all my teeth in a toothpaste grin. He casually ignored me, and got safely back on the stage to proceed with the show. You know what happens—Ralph Edwards asks a question and if the contestant can't answer it correctly she takes the consequences. Taking the consequences is like putting your life in Edwards' hands. Everyone has a wonderful time watching, though, and every once in a while, Ralph leers happily at the audience and inquires, "Aren't I a devil?"

"Why didn't he pick me?" I kept muttering. "I'm as dumb as the next one. I'd be more than happy to go up there and get myself sent off to sell ice in Alaska."

Dick stared at me sternly. (*Continued on next page*)

Football helmets protect Peggy and Dick from cracking each other's skulls. They're supposed to be biting at the apple, but [illegible] beats them to it.

Mrs. Edwards removes the blindfold from Vera-Ellen who has just completed a drawing of her favorite man. Rock Hudson, [illegible] immediate apology.

When illness threatened my life I felt that God had let me down. Slowly I learned that He moves in a mysterious way to perform His wonders.

■ My breath was coming in quick, short gasps. I was breathing so hard and with so much difficulty as I walked through a Philadelphia street that all of a sudden my legs seemed to buckle under me! Gasping for breath, I seized the ledge of the building nearest me—an office building, and for 15 tortured minutes, I clung to that ledge as though for dear life.

At the end of the 15 minutes I found that I could walk again. Slowly, and with hesitating steps, I made my way inside the lobby of the building. I wondered if I would stand or fall. Some deep pride inside me kept me from calling for help. When, at the end of a few minutes, I found I was still on my feet, I inched my way slowly toward the office where I usually worked. It was only about two blocks away from the building to whose ledge I had clung for support, but those were the longest two blocks I had ever walked in my life. (*Continued on page 92*)

Each year,
MODERN SCREEN, with
the help of qualified
judges, pays tribute
to the stars who have,
through their outstand-
ing works, proved
themselves to be . . .

hollywood's ten best citizens

BY HERB STEIN
Daily Columnist of the Hollywood Reporter

The distinguished columnists listed at the right studied the civic activities of scores of Hollywood stars, then voted by secret ballot. We are proud to present their choice of the top ten for 1950.

CEDRIC ADAMS
The Minneapolis Star-Journal
HERB CAEN
The San Francisco Examiner
HARRISON CARROLL
The Los Angeles Herald Express
SHEILAH GRAHAM
North American Newspaper Alliance
HEDDA HOPPER
Chicago Tribune-Daily News Syndicate
ERSKINE JOHNSON
Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance
LOUELLA PARSONS
Motion Picture Editor; INS
LOUIS SOBOL
The New York Journal American
ED SULLIVAN
The New York Daily News
EARL WILSON
The New York Post



Ann Blyth, here with Father Peyton, is the youngest of the best citizens. She averages 200 benefits a year.



Rosalind Russell and son, Lance, during a Bond drive. Among her many activities are Red Cross and hospital charity work.



Joan Crawford bids goodbye to Korean-bound Marines. She maintains hospital rooms for the needy; sent shiploads of milk to French children.



Bob Hope, at a March of Dimes show, is well known as an unstinting worker for charities and benefits.



Bing Crosby, active in Bond, Red Cross, and Camp work, chats with a polio patient at a charity tournament.



Loretta Young, receiving a medal as Outstanding Catholic Woman, is a hospital guild president.



Ronald Reagan, with Piper Laurie, signs autographs for paralysis victims. Ronnie heads Screen Actors' Guild.



Eddie Cantor makes hospital rounds above. He helped provide Vets with over 5,000,000 Xmas gifts.



Jack Benny makes one of his hundreds of camp appearances; is extremely modest about his charitable contributions.



Irene Dunne is shown receiving Laetare Medal, awarded to Outstanding Catholic Layman. She's been honored for inter-faith work.

■ A dramatic story—which never made the headlines—took place recently in a huge Army base located secretly somewhere in California, known only to those who pass through it as Kick-Off Number One. The time: zero nine twenty-two. The people: several thousand Korean-bound GI's, fully equipped to go about the business of killing, but heavy-hearted with thoughts of wives and sweethearts left behind.

Abruptly, and without warning, a stern voice sounded over the loudspeaker system, "Now hear this, men. . . ." Hardly had the voice died away before a cheer roared through the huge staging terminal as into the midst of these fighting men walked a beautiful girl from Hollywood. Her name was Ann Blyth. Behind her came a perspiring accompanist, shoving a small piano.

For almost an hour, urged on by shouted encore demands, her soprano voice filled the room with song after song—"The Man I Love," "Count Every Star," and dozens more. Then with the applause ringing in her ears, Ann Blyth left the room. Moments later these same soldiers were marching toward their troop transport; while Ann moved through corridors in a nearby hospital, still singing.

This was a momentous day, without (*Continued on page 60*)





When love hurts
Stanwyck she withdraws
from the world.
Friends who saw it
happen fear
for her now. They know
that the bigger the
heart the
harder it breaks.

BY FRANCES CLARK

second heartbreak

Career-enforced separations have often made Bob and Barbara lonely. Friends blame the break-up on Bob's long location in Rome.

■ Their curt statement was in the newspapers of December 16, 1950. Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor were announcing their separation.

Everyone was startled. Even Helen Ferguson, their press representative and one of Barbara's closest friends, said, "I couldn't believe it myself even when I was giving the statement out for them."

But there was the statement, in cold print:

"Because of our many and too long separations due to work and to other reasons, we could not maintain our marriage . . ."

Those who've known Missy and Bob for a long time heard the echoes of what Barbara had said when they were married in 1937, "Plans? Bob and I haven't any plans—except to be together as much as possible. . . . You don't make plans when things are perfect as they are. . . ."

But now the words were, "We've come to the conclusion that the only solution is divorce." Then, fully aware of fleeting rumors that an Italian girl whom Bob met in Rome has replaced Missy in his affections, the couple concluded their dignified statement with, "Neither of us has any other romantic interest whatever."

And that was all. There have been no further statements from either of them.

Missy's friends are deeply concerned. It seems ominous that she has gone into seclusion and that she has no picture set for the immediate future. She went into seclusion once before—the time she was finally separated from Frank Fay. (*Continued on page 80*)

all about eden

HOUSE OF THE MONTH



The living room's built around the fireplace. Like every corner of the house, it is modern, spacious and individual.

Even off screen, Anne Baxter knows a perfect plot when she sees one . . so she

■ A year ago one Sunday, Anne Baxter poked her head out of the real estate section of the paper, and asked a pointed question.

"If I could pick any one spot in the city," she started rhetorically, "do you know where I'd like to build?"

"Where, dear?" John asked absently as he wet his thumb to turn the pages she'd laid aside.

Anne bent down and patted the ground beside her. "Right smack here. It's the most heavenly spot in Hollywood—if not the world."

Hodiak looked around their well-loved garden with its neat little pool and the grove of priceless trees and smiled a little. Then he threw his wife a married look. "You're wonderful, darling," he said firmly. "I love you. I also love this little house. But we've lived for three years in a cottage designed for a single girl. We're a high-type married couple now, and it's time we got a home to match." He folded the paper for her.

by Marva Peterson



built a house around her garden.

"Here. If you can't be constructive, why not be quiet?"

Baxter was never more constructive in her determined young life. And never less quiet. "Of course: That's the answer to all our problems! Remodeling! Why didn't I think of it before!"

Before her startled husband could muster an argument, she was striding up and down, pacing off yardage, and sweeping walls away with a gesture as she talked. (*Continued on next page*)



Anne and John knew they'd never find a more perfect garden or pool, so they remodeled rather than move. They brought the outdoors into the house, and enlarged their terrace living.



Plenty of books, lots of space for music and conversation make home entertaining a pleasure. Anne's mother designed the dining room table, and partition between the rooms which houses a bar.





A glass and fieldstone wall, planted with greens, separates the living room and terrace. A continuous banquette hugs the wall.



John's dressing-room suite is blue. Here he keeps his camera equipment and clown collection. He revels in his engineer-designed desk.

"We can knock out the east wall and extend the living room at least a dozen more feet. Then we'll level off the terrace and furnish it as an outdoor living room. We won't touch the fireplace, but we can do away with the two dinky windows and replace them with a large chunk of glass. And then upstairs I'll add a lot more wardrobe space. And the garage, darling! Why, we can make it our service wing with a guest suite above it."

Hodiak sat, and with that look of sufference husbands have worn from time immemorial, he listened and watched as Anne built her dream house on the spot. When she'd installed the last light fixture he rose. He walked over to his beautiful wife and looked deeply into her eyes. "Darling," he said. "No."

Anne argued, she pleaded, she explained—she wore the man down. She convinced John that remodeling was the only thing to do.

Anne's family was even more skeptical than her husband. Anne is the granddaughter of Frank Lloyd Wright, the dean of American architects. Her uncle, Lloyd Wright, is one of the best designers in Southern California, and her mother, Mrs. Catherine Wright Baxter, is a licensed interior decorator in Burlingame, California. All of them pointed out that any remodeling which involves structural changes usually ends up costing more than a new house. "In addition," they said, "you're asking for trouble when you start knocking out walls and cutting away the supports of a house without having a set of the original plans."

Anne and John (*Continued on page 90*)



Anne, who's making *Follow The Sun,* and Shoo-Shoo come out the front door for a stroll.

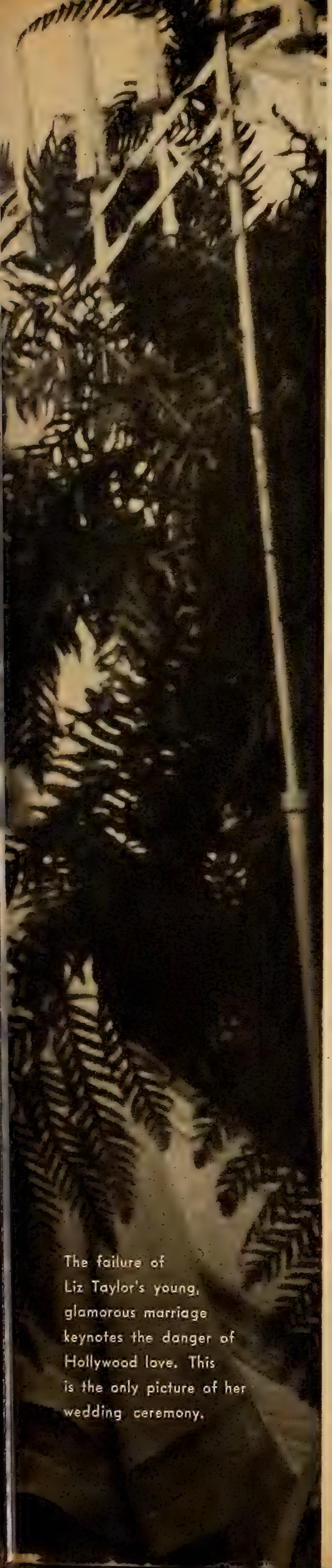
▲ Couch and coffee table plus antique Chinese pieces furnish the master bedroom like a sitting room. Shutters conceal windows and closets.

▼ The den's round tables are handy for John's running chess games, Anne's scrap-books. The colorful ceiling decoration is a Calder mobile.



modern screen reports on

love in hollywood



The failure of Liz Taylor's young, glamorous marriage keynotes the danger of Hollywood love. This is the only picture of her wedding ceremony.

For the past quarter of a century people have been discovering that they can get a quick audience and a daring reputation by taking potshots at Hollywood. Such an exaggerated amount of beauty, wealth, talent and glamor always offers itself as an immense target for any and all mud-slingers. Just as Hollywood stars appear mammoth on the screen, so do the details of their private lives become magnified beyond proportion. That they exist as human beings in the public mind is a miracle not yet explained away by ardent yellow journalists.

It would be silly to deny that divorce, scandal and irresponsibility are part of Hollywood—just as it would be equally silly to deny their existence in any state of the union. People everywhere, despite variations of environment and heredity, are the same.

The environment of Hollywood is unique. Nowhere else on earth is personality the main product for sale, or is fantasy the reality of daily existence. Most actors aren't born in Hollywood; they come there from small towns, big cities and farms to form a hybrid society of their own—a society where new values often conflict with the old. It is understandable that some actors should lose their footing, that they should be swept along on the tides of unreality out of sight of firm ground. They are only people, overwhelmed by sudden good fortune and fame.

However, it is true that as people they are responsible for their behavior. No excuses can justify shallow or immoral actions, but neither is it justifiable to condemn Hollywood as a whole for the transgressions of a few. To these few, love is a laugh and so is divorce, and though families are fun, fun gets boring. Their life is confusion, and it may well be that they would be just as confused if they lived in Detroit, Saskatchewan or the Mohawk Valley. The majority of Hollywood actors are fine citizens who value their homes, their families and their careers. Without these people Hollywood would be lost, with them Hollywood measures up to every other worthwhile American community. Now for a more complete report on "Love in Hollywood," please turn the page.



a psychologist looks at liz taylor

A distinguished Hollywood psychologist, anonymous because of ethical reasons, probes the background of Hollywood's most discussed divorce.

■ This year will mark my twentieth anniversary as a practicing psychologist in Hollywood.

In the course of that period I've treated motion picture personalities ranging from the very famous to the unknown. Dozens of stars have come to me with their neuroses and fears, their troubles and complexes, and I've helped them as best I could.

These 20 years of practice have taught me a fair amount about the problems likely to arise in the careers and lives of movie stars. I can anticipate their behavior, and can often predict the outcome.

Last May 6th when lovely Elizabeth Taylor was married to young Nicky Hilton in one of those dreamy, publicized weddings that make world-wide headlines, I happened to say to one of my nurses, "I'll be surprised if that marriage lasts two years."

Now my nurse, who is a young and pretty little thing with lots of stardust in her eyes, happens to be a rabid Liz Taylor fan. My casual remark irritated her. "Why do you say that, doctor?" she asked. "Don't you believe in young love?"

"Sure, I believe in young love," I answered. "Only I don't think these two kids have a chance in a million of making a go of their marriage."

That statement was tinder which set my nurse to flame. Her eyes sparked fire. "I know you've analyzed a lot of movie people," she snapped, "but in this case I think you're dead wrong. What makes you so sure?"

(*Continued on page 103*)

and an ex-sweetheart looks back

At sweet 16 there was Peter Lawford, her first love . . .



They met two years ago.

■ If, on the eve of her sixteenth birthday, Elizabeth Taylor could have announced to her dinner guests that she was engaged to Peter Lawford, she would have been the happiest girl in the world—and might still have been.

But at 16, even a mature 16, crushes are never taken very seriously.

"Liz is the most wonderful girl I know," Peter told a friend. "But she's too young. I'm 25. She's 16. But in a couple of years if she still feels the same way anything can happen."

In a couple of years she met Nicky Hilton, and her crush was overshadowed by courtship and marriage. Now, for Elizabeth, Peter Lawford exists in a world that "might have been," and probably never will be, although stranger things have happened.

Certainly, if Liz had married Peter, their union would have been one of the most popular ever celebrated in Hollywood. They had, and have, almost everything in common. Both were born in England. Both have a wholesome attitude toward life. A Hollywood social butterfly once said of Peter, "He's such a nice guy he's almost nauseating. I tried going with him for a while and I never saw the inside of a nightclub. We played tennis, shot skeet, went surfboard riding, horseback riding, bowling, and then sat up until four A.M. every morning listening to music in his den. He kissed me exactly three times. The athletic program was so exhausting, I had to go to Ciro's every night for a week to rest up with a local hot dog."

(*Continued on page 82*)



WIDE OPEN-ALL-NIGHT LAS VEGAS, NEVADA (ABOVE) IS A

We're in the same state,
but don't confuse us with Reno,
says Las Vegas. Lots more wed than
shed here—look at the record.

BY JOHN MAYNARD

they took

Betty Grable married Harry James in July, 1943.



Andy and Della Russell have been wed since 1945.



In 1946, Eleanor Parker became Mrs. Bert Friedlob.





COLORFUL JUMBLE OF GAMBLING SPOTS, "WEDDINGS WHILE YOU WAIT" CHAPELS, AND LUXURIOUSLY ELEGANT RESORT HOTELS.

their love to las vegas

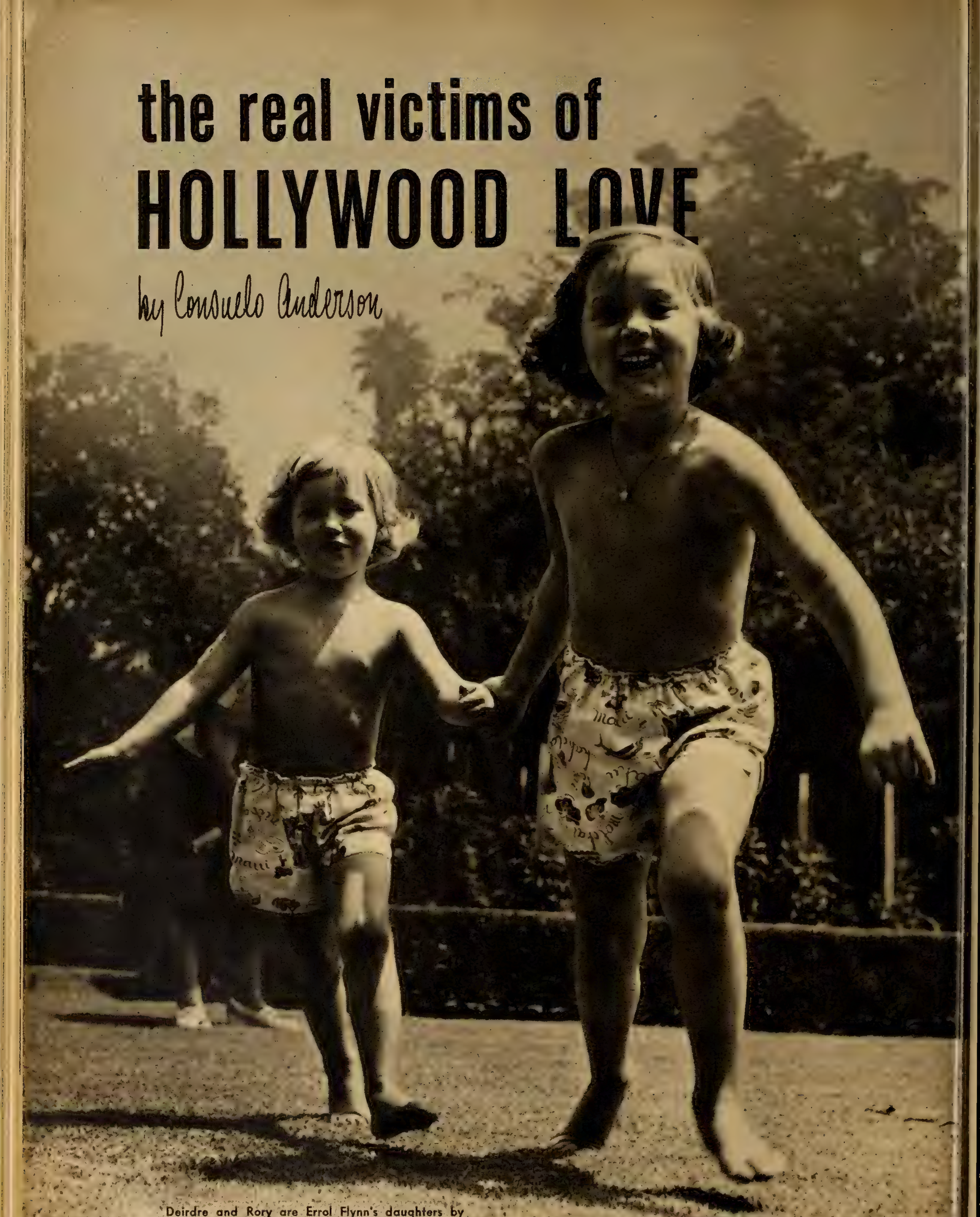
■ On a spring afternoon several years ago, two notable Hollywood marriages were taking place at roughly the same time; one in a stately Beverly Hills church, the other before a Justice of the Peace in a stretch of Nevada desert known as Las Vegas.

The Beverly Hills nuptials were a model of propriety—universally attended and blessed by parental approval. The bride and groom, romantic darlings of their respective publics, had known each other two years, 18 months of which were spent in decorous courtship. Their marriage was launched on a wave of journalistic tears, and they sailed away into the sunset on a bark that looked every bit as seaworthy as the U.S.S. Missouri. The voyage lasted slightly less than a year before it yawed, foundered, and disintegrated in a rather hideous explosion. Love, it would seem, had perished somewhere between Romanoff's and the wide blue yonder.

The other young couple had driven to Las Vegas from Hollywood in a state of suspicious merriment at the tag end of a dawn party. They had been acquainted for exactly 18 hours. The groom used one of the bride's earrings for a substitute wedding band. Both had (*Continued on page 73*)

the real victims of HOLLYWOOD LOVE

by Consuelo Anderson



Deirdre and Rory are Errol Flynn's daughters by Nora Eddington. Now Dick Haymes is their step-papa.

In the final analysis of Hollywood love, it's the children of broken marriages who are the innocent victims of their parents' follies.

■ "There is no such thing as a quiet or amicable divorce in the movie colony if children are concerned," a Hollywood psychiatrist recently said. "Long after the newspaper stories stop, the headlines keep screaming out their terrible news in the hearts of the youngsters."

Not far off one of Hollywood's prominent boulevards stands a large, well-kept mansion looking very much like the lovely home of a screen star. In a sense this home, which has been converted into a boarding school, is an unhappy monument to the Hollywood loves which have failed. Here the children of broken marriages have come to live temporarily—residue of failure, pushed to one side—while their parents occupy themselves in making a new try for romantic happiness.

The children play like any other children. They seem to laugh as readily and even to react as normally. Yet the unalterable fact is that each of them has suffered an emotional wound, a distortion of social feeling from which only the most fortunate will ever be able to recover.

Not all of these children are from the homes of stars. But at one time, when there were 30 of them registered, every youngster but *one* was from a movie home that had split up.

The educators who run this boarding school are understanding and expert at caring for children whose sense of security in parental love has thus been shaken, but their job is heartbreakingly difficult: "I just can't take it any more," said one teacher on leaving for another post. "It's like shepherding a bunch of lost, little souls. There ought to be a law compelling parents who are divorce-minded to stop off here first and picture their own children trying to pretend that an institution is a home. They will at least have some sort of idea then what price the innocents pay when a family splits apart."

While it is true that Hollywood's unhappy marital record is no higher than the national average, its children suffer more cruelly from the publicity, and over longer periods of time. As long as either of their parents is prominent in the (*Continued on page 76*)



THE SHATTERED MARRIAGE of Dick Haymes and Joanne Dru produced three children, who now have so many parents they don't know what to do—as Daddy is married to Nora Eddington and Mother is Mrs. John Ireland.



THE HAPPY MARRIAGE of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker follows a pattern other Hollywood couples would do well to emulate. The Barkers work hard at marriage and twins, Tim and Gregory benefit by their sensible behavior.

charting love in hollywood

JOHN AGAR, 29. Ex-husband Shirley Temple. *Financial status:* excellent. His acting career is doing well, and he may gain new riches as a crooner. *Girl friends:* Paula Raymond and Gloria De Haven. *Prediction:* He'll fight shy of glamor girls when it comes to marriage. A burnt child, he's a good target for some Little Miss Nobody.

SCOTT BRADY, 25. Never married, but had close call with Dorothy Malone. *Financial status:* Hamburger stage now, but he's looking ahead, so is close with a dollar. *Disposition:* like a merry-go-round, but a better tune. *Girl friends:* Ann Blyth and the next girl he meets. *Prediction:* Due for close altar escapes, but may marry in 1951—to a top Glamor Type.

MARLON BRANDO, 27. Never married. *Financial status:* never know from looking at him that he earns a dime. *Disposition:* puzzling. *Girl friends:* Shelley Winters and nameless others. *Prediction:* He'll be a hard one to catch; acts more stand-offish than Monty Clift on a bad day. Non-professional girl is almost certain to become future Mrs. Brando.

MONTY CLIFT, 31. Never married and insists he doesn't care much. *Financial status:* Up in the big brackets. *Disposition:* Excellent when you get to know him, but who does? *Dates:* Sharman Douglas. *Prediction:* Clift will still be a bachelor by year's end, but pressure will be so great that he will start dating more girls, and in 1952, goodbye!

TONY CURTIS, 26. Never married, but he'd settle for Janet Leigh. *Financial status:* It's hard to live on $250 a week in Hollywood, but he's on the up-grade. *Disposition:* like he discovers a gold mine every morning. *Current heart beat:* Ask Janet. *Prediction:* If he and Janet don't "I Do" each other before June, they'll eventually marry two other people.

HOWARD DUFF, 34. Never married and very cagey. Would have settled for Ava Gardner but not now. *Financial status:* just short of Bank of America. *Girl friends:* keeping it quiet. *Disposition:* Smiles on alternate Thursdays. *Prediction:* Acts the opposite, but would like to have wife and kiddies; thinks there's little chance with the Hollywood-type girl.

FARLEY GRANGER, 25. Never married; discount talk about Shelley Winters. *Financial status:* Fair and warmer. *Disposition:* What every woman sighs for. *Girl friends:* Mostly Shelley Winters. *Prediction:* Farley mistrusts his own popularity, has been discontented about career. Likely to go social route with Mrs. Gary Cooper type; but they're hard to find.

ROCK HUDSON, 26. Never married. *Fincial status:* Slim pickings, but it's early in his career. *Disposition:* Friendly as a collie. *Girl friends:* He dates Vera-Ellen whom he wanted to marry. *Prediction:* Would make a fine husband for a girl like Vera-Ellen, but may prefer to wait awhile longer now, since confusion has set in and their romance is on and off.

PETER LAWFORD, 27. Never married. *(See story page 48.)* *Financial status:* Prize catch in Hollywood in this respect. *Disposition:* Plus perfect, an army of former girl friends say. *Prediction:* Pete will not marry Sharman Douglas, but sometime in 1951, in current frame of mind, he may decide for a fling at matrimony. Bored with being a bachelor.

RONALD REAGAN, 39. Ex-husband of Jane Wyman. *Financial status:* Good as vintage wine. *Disposition:* acts disillusioned, claims he isn't. *Girl friends:* Nancy Davis, Sally Forrest and several others. *Prediction:* Reagan swears he no longer totes the Wyman torch, but is perfect husband type and a girl like her is liable to win the jackpot with him.

ANN BLYTH, 22. Never married and considered best catch of all. *Financial status:* No heiress, but has saved her money. *Disposition:* Proof positive that a nice, wholesome girl can be fun and important in Hollywood. *Boy friends:* Glenn Davis and Scott Brady. *Prediction:* The Glenn Davis romance may be more solid than it looks. They'd make a great pair.

NANCY DAVIS, 28. Unmarried. *Financial status:* Middle-bracket. *Disposition:* Intelligent, glamorous but still home-townish. *Boy friends:* Ronald Reagan, Bob Walker. *Prediction:* Either Reagan or Walker, and probably the latter could win her heart, but they'll have to prove that they aren't just "hoping it will work out."

VERA-ELLEN, 25. Once married before she came to Hollywood. Didn't date for a year after she entered movies. *Financial status:* Good. *Disposition:* Wonderful for a career-minded girl. *Boy friends:* Rock Hudson, Henry Willson, A. C. Lyles. *Prediction:* Disconcerted by divorces of friends, she is likely to remain devoted to her career at least a year.

JOAN EVANS, 16. Unmarried and unlikely to be in a hurry to jump at romance. *Financial status:* Excellent. *Disposition:* Calm, friendly, sweet, sensible, and exciting. *Boy friends:* Half-a-dozen swell young boys, but there seems to be no particular favorite. *Prediction:* Joan won't marry before she is 20, and her first marriage will be her last.

AVA GARDNER, 28. Twice married and still going with Frank Sinatra. *Financial status:* Thar's gold back of that beautiful scenery. *Disposition:* Exciting and wonderful. *Boy friends:* Sinatra, when he's around. *Prediction:* Ava is being true to Frank, but there is much against their marriage and Ava is reluctant to make a move while Frank is still legally wed.

PIPER LAURIE, 18. Never married and due to be one of 1951's most exciting girls. *Financial status:* Just as a beginner, but who cares? *Disposition:* As sunny as her bright locks. *Boy friends:* Vic Damone has the inside track. *Prediction:* Piper is one of the few sensible girls who won't let her heart run away with her in a great big hurry.

JANET LEIGH, 23. Twice married, considered the most glamorous girl since Rita Hayworth. *Financial status.* Not wealthy. *Disposition:* Like an animated rainbow, but temperamental in a radiant sort of way. *Prediction:* Janet looks like she's in love, acts like she's in love, but very well might not be until a more mature man comes along.

MARILYN MONROE, 20. Once married at 16, then tragically disappointed by the death of Johnny Hyde. *Financial status:* Same as any other newcomer. *Disposition:* Sultry and shining. *Prediction:* Marilyn won't marry for at least a year unless someone suddenly appears who can make her forget the past in a rush. Due to be one of the all-time Glamor Girls.

LIZABETH SCOTT, 26. Never married and never on the verge until she met Herb Caen. *Financial status:* Like a Cadillac turned human. *Boy friends:* A whole gang she hasn't cared for. *Prediction:* Liz has often said she'd like to be married. Would make an excellent, exotic wife, and just the type for a sophisticated writer the likes of Caen.

SHELLEY WINTERS, 28. Married once. *Financial status:* Salting away her hard earned cash. *Disposition:* Somewhere between froth from champagne and a female boxer. *Boy friends:* Farley Granger; Granger, Farley. *Prediction:* Shelley has been a mixed up young lady. Is as likely to elope to Las Vegas as not to marry at all; a bad betting risk.



what happened when

HUTTON HIT MICHIGAN!

Crash! Bam!
Alakazam! That's Betty
Hutton coming home.
Michigan reeled and rallied to
show how it loved
her. You can see for
yourself on the
following pages . . .



Hutton fans mobbed the Grinnel Music Co. store when Betty came to autograph records and stage an impromptu show atop a counter.

Betty visited old friends and old haunts between shows.

■ The pictures on these and the next pages show the triumphant return of Betty Hutton to her hometown. She began her career as a singer in the beer joint two photos to the right, and she never forgot it. She never forgot the schoolkids, the friends, the relatives, even the strangers who watched her spectacular climb to fame. Betty's reunion with the whole state of Michigan started in Detroit, worked its way through Lansing, Battle Creek and Grand Rapids. In executive mansions, theaters, stores and hotels Betty wowed the people. The trip over, she headed home, and Michigan pulled itself together as best it could, being somewhat awed and completely devastated by Hutton's brand of lightning.



Her mother argued with Betty about where the kitchen used to be in their old Lansing home, while tenant Larry Maisel looked on.



Betty visited the beer joint where she used to sing for a living. The proud owner served her at a ringside table.



After performing at the Michigan Theater, which premiered *Let's Dance,* Betty relaxed in her dressingroom for half an hour then rushed to her suite at the Book Cadillac Hotel to entertain old friends.



A round of broadcasts and personal appearances started immediately after Betty arrived. She rehearsed with Herschel Lieb's orchestra. Betty's next pix is Para.'s *The Greatest Show On Earth.*



Betty introduced her mother, Mabel, to the Michigan Theater audience and the two sang "Harvest Moon." Afterward, Mabel invited old friends in the audience to visit them at the hotel.

It seemed as if half of Michigan had known her when she was a kid singing for pennies.



Mrs. Hutton used to work in this Chrysler plant, but was escorted through it on her visit by the president of the corporation, himself.

Betty attended morning classes at her alma mater, the Foch Intermediate School. She embraced her teacher, and sat at her old desk.

In Lansing, Betty looked up an old dancing friend, discovered that he owned this bar and grill. His wife served her.

Betty met four mayors, dined with the Governor, and dated the public for the best time of her life.



Mayor Albert Cobo welcomed Betty to Detroit, introduced her to Deputy Treasurer MacGregor Neville. Betty asked if the key to the city opened the vaults.



Betty was escorted to Lansing by state trooper Ken Christensen who turned out to be a childhood pal. She introduced him to the governor.



▲ After touring the Chrysler plant, Betty and her mother were lunch guests in the executive dining room. Betty sat between L. L. Colbert, the Corp. Pres. and D. A. Wallace, Pres. of the Chrysler Division.

▼ As soon as Betty arrived in Lansing, Governor Williams, his wife and three children called on her. Later, the governor introduced her at a luncheon sponsored by "The Red Stocking," a local charity organization.





Lansing's mayor accompanied Betty to the house she lived in as a child. The Lansing Historical Society had placed a plaque there.



Betty stopped off at Grand Rapids where she was guest of the mayor. She assured him that she'd be campaign manager if he needed one.



Battle Creek's Mayor Bill Bailey welcomed her with traditional key and kiss. Later, Betty entertained her relatives.



Betty greeted Battle Creek relatives at the Post Tavern; Betty mother, her great uncle Ray, great aunt Jessie, cousin Laurence Walker, his wife, Mrs. G. Lehman, her daughter-in-law.



When Betty came off the stage at the Michigan Theater she was soaked from head to foot and had lost her voice. After a short cooling-off process, though, she was ready, as usual, for a party.



Hutton killed her audience in Battle Creek, and almost killed herself, but she was unsatisfied with her performance. The next day, her hectic, though inspiring trip was over. After a bubblebath she hopped a plane for Hollywood.

YOUR VOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

We would like to have you tell us how your motion picture theaters can best serve you. These questions are being asked simultaneously of movie-goers in the Fanchon & Marco Theaters of St. Louis, and the combined results will be put before Hollywood leaders for immediate action. This is *your* chance to tell Hollywood what you really want.

1. I attend the movies:
☐ several times a week
☐ once a week, approximately
☐ once a month, approximately
☐ less than once a month

2. The three types of films I like best are: (check three)
☐ comedy ☐ adventures
☐ romance ☐ serious drama
☐ musicals ☐ historical films
☐ mysteries

3. I select films I wish to see because of:
☐ featured stars
☐ newspaper or magazine reviews
☐ word of mouth recommendations

4. My home ☐ does ☐ does not contain a television set

5. I usually attend the movies with:
☐ my family
☐ my friends
☐ alone

6. I believe a fair price for movie admission is.....

7. My three favorite movies during 1950 were:
a._____
b._____
c._____

8. My three favorite movie stars of today are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

9. The three stars I like least are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

10. My three favorite stars of tomorrow are:
a._____
b._____
c._____

11. I prefer: (check one)
☐ double features
☐ single features

12. Personal data
☐ female ☐ male ☐ age ____
occupation_____

General comments:
_____
_____
_____

Clip and mail to:
MOVIEGOER'S POLL, Modern Screen, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York 16, N. Y.

hollywood's ten best citizens

(*Continued from page 39*) headlines. Yet it is important now that Americans everywhere salute Hollywood citizens like Ann and the others mentioned on these pages. They are in a sense typical of the thousands who are quietly doing their very best for their country.

To choose those Hollywood citizens most worthy of recognition, MODERN SCREEN enlisted the aid of America's top columnists. These columnists studied the qualifications of many stars, and selected ten in secret ballot. Those who voted were Herb Caen of the San Francisco Examiner, Louella Parsons, Hedda Hopper, Sheilah Graham, Harrison Carroll and Erskine Johnson, Hollywood syndicated columnists; Earl Wilson, New York Post; Ed Sullivan, New York Daily News; Louis Sobol of the New York Journal American and Cedric Adams of the Minneapolis Star-Journal.

Now the votes have been counted, and it falls to us to tell you briefly about Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens. We chose to mention Ann Blyth first, not because it is the intention to rate one star above another, but because Ann happens to be the youngest of our best citizens, and as such she is an inspiration to a legion of young people throughout the United States.

At 21, Ann is the youngest member of the Board of Directors of the Screen Actors' Guild. She is honorary Mayor of Toluca Lake. For three years now she has averaged about 200 benefits a year, raising funds for charities sponsored by people of all faiths. Her beautiful voice, fine spirit and endless energy have been an inspiration to the point that the movie industry's top men refer to her as Hollywood's Ambassadress of Good Will.

The reason we talk so much about Ann is that she is typical of the younger players of Hollywood who will inherit the civic responsibilities of Hollywood's future. The other and better-known players have established a legacy of citizenship which will be passed on to these young people.

In a way, Ann is a younger version of another of Hollywood's "Ten Best"—Irene Dunne. As you may know, it is possible to win a name for charitable work by merely accepting a number of chairmanships for various high-sounding drives. Such is not the case with Irene. No one worked harder than she did during the recent campaign to raise funds to finish a wing of St. John's Hospital. The wing will house research labs and wards for the study and cure of children's diseases. Irene has had a long record of achievements. She plunged actively into last year's senatorial campaign and was responsible in no small degree for the success of her candidate. Wherever she has gone, she has captured both the love and respect of her fellow Americans.

Not long ago we talked with a famous doctor about the tendency of American people to require constant help from psychiatrists. "Why," we asked, "are so many men and women today turning into helpless neurotics?"

"The answer," he replied, "is quite simple. Whatever the original cause of his or her trouble, the individual who cracks under the strain of modern living is first and foremost extremely self-centered. The young woman who winds up in a divorce court, goes to a psychiatrist to straighten out her unhappy life and eventually may emerge as cured. And what has she discovered? In essence, it is the fact that when she stops thinking about herself and begins to think about others, she suddenly becomes happy and successful.

How true this is can be seen in taking a brief look at our other best citizens: Jack Benny, Bob Hope and Eddie Cantor. I mention these as a trio, and it is hardly necessary to mention what they do. Almost every day we can see and hear these great performers, working for the March of Dimes, entertaining troops, going all out for other people, and worthy causes. We'll wager this, that if in another poll we sought to discover the happiest people in the country, these men would rate very close to the champions.

Among the "Ten Best" are Ronald Reagan, former President of the Screen Actors' Guild, ex-serviceman, youngest man ever to be honored by the Friars Club for industry services . . . Joan Crawford, who has maintained two rooms for needy patients in Hollywood hospital for 15 years, was responsible for three shiploads of milk going to children in France, worked tirelessly in the war effort, and in 1949 was Red Feather Woman for the Community Chest . . . Bing Crosby, who has quietly served his government on broadcast after broadcast, sponsored many a benefit and hospital tour, and keeps completely mum about any and all good deeds . . . Rosalind Russell, you'd have to write a book about her, filled with names of organizations like Red Cross, Jewish Home for the Aged, American Veteran's Service Foundation, Hollywood Canteen, John Tracy Clinic, Catholic charities, and dozens of others. Not bad for a girl whose main chore in life, most people believe, is to be the zany comedienne. Last and as important as the first named is Loretta Young, President of St. Anne's Maternity Hospital Guild, active in hospital appearances, the PTA and the Catholic Church—the actress who gives all proceeds of her radio broadcasts to her favorite charity.

Dozens of other stars were named in the voting. The columnists who cooperated with MODERN SCREEN put a great deal of thought into the matter. For instance, Ed Sullivan wrote us, "To mention just a few, I'd say that the really outstanding citizens I know about are: Walt Disney, Frank Capra, William Wyler, Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Irene Dunne, Dinah Shore, Pat O'Brien, Bing Crosby, Charles Laughton, Leo McCarey, Jimmy Durante, Laurence Olivier and Abe Lastvogel." In his consideration, before making a final selection Mr. Sullivan looked into the deeds of not only stars, but agents and executives as well. For example, no man ever served his country more intensely than did Hollywood agent Abe Lastvogel with his efforts in behalf of the USO. That is why the editors have decided to provide below a secondary, but equally important, list of citizens of quality among Hollywood's executives.

We in Hollywood are mighty proud of our Ten Best Citizens; we honor them as we know you will. And it is with a touch of regret that we cannot take space enough to mention other great citizens of our town who may be named next year when voting time comes around—people like those stalwart ex-Marines, Macdonald Carey, Bill Lundigan and Glenn Ford. Then there's John Wayne, Bob Young, Red Skelton, George Murphy, Jimmy Stewart. And among the women, Esther Williams, Audrey Totter, Joan Evans, Dorothy Lamour, Jane Powell, Barbara Stanwyck and Shirley Temple.

Good citizens all, we salute you!

THE END

Special Executive Honorable Mention

MODERN SCREEN *wishes to congratulate the following Hollywood executives who were also mentioned by a number of the famous columnists voting: L. B. Mayer, Abe Lastvogel, Dore Schary, Darryl Zanuck, Harry M. Warner, Walt Disney, Y. Frank Freeman, C. B. DeMille, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, George Jessel, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Robert Montgomery.*


HOTEL
RESTAURANT
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DUBOIS
EPICERIE
BOURJOIS
BOURJOIS
It makes you want
to fall in love!
Endearing
BY BOURJOIS
Endearing Perfume
$1.00, $2.50, $4.50
Eau de Cologne $1.50
Dusting Powder $1.00
All prices plus tax
THE "ENDEARING" NEW PERFUME
WITH THE PARIS ACCENT!
It makes you feel like a love bird—it makes him act like a love bird. In fact, our romance research experts found that 9 out of 10 love birds choose ENDEARING as the perfume that "makes you want to fall in love." (The 10th love bird? Completely "carried away"!)
Compounded in Paris . . . Assembled in the U.S.A.

stible lips are so...
mmm...
Irresistible!
Irresistible
LIPSTICK
in the new
"Shorty" case
29¢
CLOSED it's purse size.
OPEN it's a full size lipstick.
PLACE THE CAP on the base and presto, it's the long length professional size.
So easy to have the kissable lips men adore with this new lip-width Irresistible. All the advantages of a pencil plus extra strength of the "shorty."
WHIP-TEXT to stay on longer, smoother, brighter.
Perfumed with Irresistible fragrance.



never lost a father

(*Continued from page 33*) more like the bleating of a goat.

They had held him up for her to see, and despite her semi-conscious state, she had immediately noticed the long upper lip. "He looks just like Richard," she had said.

She thought back over the last nine months. Everything had been so wonderful at first; and then Dick had been confined to bed with painful neuritis in his shoulder. There had been months of that, and she had insisted on caring for him herself. But at last she'd surrendered to the idea of having Dick attended by a nurse.

She supposed that she had been tired, but then it had certainly made the time fly. Every minute she wasn't caring for Dick, she had been preparing the new nursery and playing with Pamela. Pam had been so excited over the idea of a new baby, and they had been careful to prevent any jealous thoughts. It had worked rather well, too. When they took some of the pictures from the walls in Pamela's room and hung them in the nursery, Pam had gone to them and run her little fingers over the frames.

"Not mine," she said. "They're Herman's."

There had been the baby showers, and she remembered the awful time they'd had with the invitations. For the shower given her by Frances Bergen and Dinah Shore and Jane Dart, there had been beautifully printed invitations, and after they were delivered, June had offered to help by pinning tiny diaper-shaped pieces of cloth on each one. In the middle of pinning on the 46th diaper, she had a vague feeling that something was wrong. The printer had omitted the date of the shower. She unpinned all 46 so that they could be sent back to a printing press, and on their return, re-pinned the entire batch.

THERE had been the preparation for Christmas, too, and the night of December 23rd when she'd been putting gifts under the tree and become conscious of the pain in her back. She had gone to bed about 11, and although she'd fallen asleep immediately, she kept waking with that strange, slight pain. It couldn't be the baby, she had thought. He isn't due for almost two weeks. But why, she wondered, do I keep going to sleep and then waking up? She began watching the clock on the table at her side, and two hours later nudged Dick.

"My time has come," she announced.

"Don't be silly," mumbled Dick. Then he sat straight up. "What do you mean?"

She pointed to the clock. "Every 15 minutes," she said.

"Now, be calm," he said. "It's just your imagination. It's much too soon." He leaned across her and took the clock from the table. "Tell you what," he said. "Just to prove it, I'll sit here on the floor and hold the clock and talk to you, and I'll bet you can't tell me when 15 minutes have passed."

As it turned out, June announced the turn of 15 minutes for more than an hour, and Dick was becoming alarmed when she suddenly announced an eight minute interval.

"There, you see?" he said. "Most irregular."

After another eight minutes June requested a phone call to the doctor.

"I'll do it," Dick said. "Just to calm your fears."

He picked up the phone and when the doctor had answered, apologized for disturbing him. "June thinks this is it. But it's just her imagination. She can't tell the difference between eight minutes and 15 minutes . . . What? . . . 15 minutes, and then eight minutes. . . ." Dick's face froze. "Oh. You bet. Right away."

He looked at June in consternation. "Now just be calm," he said, running his hand through his hair. "We're to go to the hospital right away. Now get dressed as fast as you can, but keep calm."

He tore into his dressing room. June could hear running water, and then footsteps pounding down the hall, after which there was much knocking on doors. What's the matter with *me*, she had thought. I'm not even nervous. She swung her feet out of bed and went into her dressing room, and a few minutes later Dick came bounding into the room followed by Olie, Pamela's nurse. June was standing before a mirror, still in her nightgown, braiding her hair into pigtails.

"For heaven's sake!" Dick said. "You aren't ready yet! What are you doing that for?"

"I am *not* going to have my baby with my hair looking a mess," said June. "I'll be ready in a little bit."

Olie regarded her critically. "There must be some mistake," she said. "You don't act like you're going to have a baby."

"That's what *I* told her," said Dick. Beads of perspiration stood on his forehead. "But the doctor said to get her down there right away. Now, June, be calm," he said, and raced off to another part of the house.

In 15 minutes she was ready and sitting quietly in the car next to Dick, who held the wheel as though he had a 30 pound tuna on the other end of it. At the hospital they met the doctor, and June stopped to chat with him, inquiring politely after the health of his family.

Dick was all but hopping around on one foot. "Ye gods!" he said. "What about *our* family? Doctor, can you get her to get in bed—or wherever she should be?"

It was shortly after that that June's serenity melted away, and in its place came a strange sensation of losing all thought, all logic. They asked her to sign her name on the register and she stood there for several minutes, the pen poised over the paper. This is silly, she thought. It can't be George, but that's all I can think of. Finally she turned to the doctor. "I'm sorry—I know it sounds stupid—but just what *is* my name?"

June smiled now, remembering it, and turned her head into the pillow for the best sleep of her life.

DICK came to the hospital that night, and every afternoon and night while she was there, and each time he brought one gift from under the tree. Aside from his visits, there wasn't much fun about the hospital stay. The phone rang perpetually, and strangers entered the room to ask for June's autograph. But the worst of it was not having Ricky in her arms. He was so tiny that he stayed in an incubator for the first three days, and even when he was removed from it, there was no risking the danger of taking him out of the warm nursery. They wheeled June down to see him sleeping beyond the big glass window, but merely looking isn't much satisfaction to a new mother. Dick took a picture of

---

HOW SHE'S CHANGED!

June Allyson is one of the most difficult of all players to interview. It is hard for June to talk about anything that is close to her—and the other kind of material doesn't matter to writers.—*Louella Parsons, June, 1945, Modern Screen.*

the baby the morning after he was born, and when June returned home she put a huge enlargement of the photograph at the foot of her bed. Ricky had to stay at the hospital for another week.

By the time June came home, Dick was utterly exhausted. June would often ask him if he'd had lunch.

"Of course," he would say, and then think a minute. "Wait—did I or didn't I? I can't remember."

"Well, go eat something, you goon."

And he'd come back to the bedroom a half hour later, grinning sheepishly. "Guess I ate before. I'm too full to eat anything now."

He was absolutely incomprehensible on the phone. People would call up and ask how June was.

"Fine," Dick would say.

"How's the baby?"

"She never felt better."

"How much does the baby weigh?"

"Wonderful."

After a while people gave up asking.

The Friday before New Year's Eve, June went downstairs for the first time, and everyone in the house had their Christmas. They had all waited to open their packages. Dick opened each package addressed to June, held it briefly under her nose, then tossed it into a pile.

"Have you been keeping a record of who sent the gifts?" said June.

"Certainly," said Dick.

"Where are the cards?"

"Right here in my jacket," said Mr. Powell, patting his pocket confidently.

June squirmed. "You *have* written a description of the gift on each card," I hope."

He looked thoughtful. "Well, now that you mention it. . . ."

Dick left the house on the morning of January 5th to bring Ricky home and June spent the longest hour of her life. Then he was there at the door of her room, a blue bundle in his arms.

"Here you are, mother," he said, and turned the bundle over to June. She held the baby for more than two hours, and once he puckered up his lips and exhaled.

"Look," said June. "He looks just like you when you whistle."

Pamela was especially interested. She took a good look at the baby.

"He isn't much to look at," June told her. "No hair or teeth like you have."

Weeks later, Pamela entered Richard's den and put her elbows on his knee. "My little brother certainly cries his brains out," she announced.

"Hmm," said Dick. "Why do you suppose that is?"

"I s'pose it's because he's not as pretty as I am," said Pamela.

Everyone was careful to assure Pamela that she was every bit as precious as Ricky. When they wanted to enter the nursery they asked Pam for permission to see her little brother, and after weighing it carefully in her mind, she would give her consent. The routine about his having no teeth or hair soon began to rankle, however, and she switched wholeheartedly over to Ricky's side. The last time visitors remarked that the baby was devoid of any of his sister's charms, Pamela looked them up and down with a scornful air.

"He'll grow," she said.

So will the family, if June has anything to say about it. She wants more babies, and in the meantime is completely charmed with her current clan. Each night she tiptoes into the nursery to watch Ricky sleeping in his crib, then into Pamela's room where she kisses the tousled blonde head. And when she leaves these two rooms she is filled with a sense of happiness, a feeling that she is really living life.

THE END

Tonight! Be his dream girl...



Tonight! Show him how much lovelier your hair can look...after a

Lustre-Creme Shampoo

BETTER THAN SOAPS — **Leaves hair sparkling,** starry-bright . . . no dulling soap film with Lustre-Creme Shampoo! And it lathers lavishly even in hardest water.

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Kay Daumit's secret formula with LANOLIN. Jars and tubes, 27¢ to $2.

World's finest shampoo—a beauty creme-blend with LANOLIN

a time and place for everything

bobbie fog, fashion editor

■ The time . . . is Now. The place . . . is Here. And the girl, of course . . . is You. Here are the right clothes to suit your every need, your special whims; a work and play wardrobe to take you through your busy, happy day.

If you have a whole long morning to putter about the house, why not look as pretty and fresh as paint in a little-girl pinafore. Going out to lunch or afternoon bridge with the girls? Choose a simple classic that fits into any background, and promises a lot of tireless wear—for both the dress and you. If it is the sun you're after, have fun in an amusing harlequin print. There is a brief little jacket for a quick cover up. For a really gala evening, try a bare topped cotton in one of the delicious mauvy tones. And when a "Spur-of-the-moment" occasion crops up, you're set with a top-everything Swirl. It's jiffy-quick to get into, and the tunic length makes it equally at home over slacks or a skirt. To pretty your feet, you will find a varied group of slippers, all in bright colors. And we've included those hidden necessities (a bra-and-girdle duo, and an all-in-one foundation) that you'll wear from A.M. to P.M. toothbrush time, and feel bright and right every moment.

gene tierney takes light checks and a dark skirt

■ Ever-smart Gene Tierney, star of two "where" and "when" movies— 20th Century's *On The Riviera* and Paramount's *The Mating Season*—is happy all day long in this tissue gingham with its woven check top matching a solid broadcloth skirt. Mock pearl buttons trim the strip of solid color that continues in a mandarin collar. Of washable Sanforized fabric in navy and white checked top with navy skirt; or these checked top-solid skirt combos: black and white check with black, green and white check with green, taffy and white check with taffy. Sizes 10-18. $7.95. BY COTTON CLUB FROCKS.

ALL MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS IN THIS ISSUE CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT CO., WASHINGTON 4, D. C. SEE PAGE 73.

Together they make a Beautiful Pair . . .
Mother and Daughter with Color-Bright Hair!



MOTHER'S GRAY HAIRS are tinted from view.
Rich, glowing color makes her look younger, too!
she uses **Nestle Colortint**

DAUGHTER'S DRAB HAIR is rinsed shining bright.
Its highlights and sheen are a glorious sight!
she uses **Nestle Colorinse**

Triple-strength Nestle Colortint—makes you look *years* younger as it blends graying hair with rich, even, natural-looking color.

Nestle Colorinse—an after-shampoo "must" to remove dulling soap film, give your hair glamorous color-highlights, soft lustre and sheen. Easy to use . . . no muss—no fuss.

Both absolutely harmless . . . no tests needed. Available in 10 glamorous shades . . . at all cosmetic counters.

Ask your beautician for a PROFESSIONAL application of Colorinse or Colortint, made by . . .

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ORIGINATORS OF PERMANENT WAVING

6 CAPSULES 25c

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TRIPLE STRENGTH . . . COVERS GRAY

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COLORINSE

RINSES IN . . . SHAMPOOS OUT

modern screen fashions





a time and place for everything

Pearls by Marvella; Gloves by Crescendoe; Bag by Rober Van S.,



← **TIME:** Home-work hours.
PLACE: Your house, from kitchen to parlor.

Dress up at home in a pinafore as perky as its name, "Confetti." Trimmed with a deep ruffle from portrait neckline to small of back, it's of dainty plisse seersucker that washes like a dream and scoffs at ironing. A self belt ties fore and aft. Tiny dots of red, green or navy scatter over a white background. Sizes 12-40, and 14½-24½. $5.00. BY SOPHISTI-COAT

TIME: A summer afternoon.
PLACE: Your place in the sun.

The "Playafore's" a bright concoction to wear anywhere there's sunlight, and right into the moonlit hours. This "Harlequin" is a combination jacket and sun-dress in fine waffle pique. In navy or black background printed in brilliant hues with white jacket, or a black jacket over a white background printed dress. Sizes 10-20. $8.95. BY GINGHAM GIRL

THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON BOTH PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL, SEE PAGE 73.

a time and place for everything



Bag by Rober van S.
Gold jewelry by Monet.

← **TIME:** Tea for Two time.
PLACE: Across a table, across a room.

The slim-lined "Tea-Timer," with contrasting trim at panel pockets and sleeve inlets, is at home in town or country. Colors: beige with cocoa and green trim. Lime with dark green and cocoa trim. Navy with beige and tangerine trim. Cocoa with beige and lime trim. It's of Butcher Rayon with that linen-look. Sizes 12-20 and 14½-24½. $8.95. Another linen-type rayon dress is the button-down "Mad Cap." A fashion coat dress with a two-way convertible collar, the white-capped waves are embroidered in white. Sizes 10-18 come in navy, tangerine, aqua and coffee. BY LENNY FROCKS.

→ **TIME:** Your day off.
PLACE: Your favorite playground.

It's called the "Swirl." Walk into it, button it once, wrap it close and tie, Wear it over your play clothes; dress up your slacks and skirts. An all-purpose tunic, cut from beautiful waffle fabric in blue, pink, aqua, maize and white with less than 2% shrinkage. Wonderful to wear to . . . at . . . and from the beach. Sizes 10-20. $7.95.
BY L. NACHMAN & SON.



Here's how the Swirl works.



THE MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS ON THESE PAGES CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR ORDERED BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D.C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.



a time and

TIME: That romantic moment.
PLACE: Beside your best beau.

"Peek-A-Boo" is designed for flirtation. A demure fitted jacket of tissue broadcloth masks a bare-shouldered sun dress with bodice of eyelet embroidery that shows prettily over a camisole lining of blending color. Add your shiniest jewel for evening sparkle. Basic colors are navy, lilac, aqua and pink. Sizes 10-18 and 14½-22½. $8.95.
BY COTTON CLUB FROCKS.



"PEEK-A-BOO" DRESS CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.

Rhinestone jewelry by Kramer,
Shoes by Mademoiselle.

place for everything

if the shoe fits . . .

. . . wear it for glamor as well as ease in the informal hours when comfort is the keynote. Look pretty in any of the Baranee slippers featured on this page. Prices range from $2.95 to $6.95 and all slippers are available in various leading colors.

1. A new idea in soft leather wear . . . a cozy, jester-like slipper with laces up the back of matching grosgrain ribbon. In every color with contrasting pastel linings.

2. A single-band scotch plaid scuff with squared-off toe. The band is wide enough to doubly insure comfort and ease in walking.

3. A cozy scuff with the added feature of specially embossed satin. Open toe, elastic sling-back and luxurious white furry trim.

4. A delightful mule of satin with contrasting square dot design. Two bands, placed just right for easy wearing, and a one-and-a-half inch wedge heel.

5. For extra-special comfort, a suedine fabric shoe, suitable for both indoor and outdoor wear. A tiny grosgrain bow in front, and an ankle-hugging cuff of brilliant electrified shearling.

BUY IN PERSON OR ORDER BY MAIL
AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE.
FOR STORE NEAREST YOU, WRITE
BARANEE, 22-28 MERCER STREET,
PATERSON, NEW JERSEY.



1.



2.



3.



4.





everything in the right place

Engineer your curves for scenic beauty. Flexees' boneless, one-piece foundation *(at right)* gently but firmly masters a bulge or a bump, creates a fluid line. Satin lastique for the front and back panels, nylon net lastique at the sides, Stitched satin undercups combine with nylon marquisette in the bra. Profile foundation in white or pink. Sizes 32-40. $15.95.

The prettiest dress is at a loss without a pretty you in it. Insure a trim body profile with the girdle and bra at the left. The delicate semi-plunge bra is of stitched, porous nylon. In A (32-36), B (32-38) or C (32-40) cup to fit junior, average or full bosom. White, pink, or black. $2.95. The Profile step-in girdle with front and back panels of satin lastique has featherweight nylon net lastique at the sides. Length: 15″. White or pink. Sizes 25-30. $10.95. ALL PROFILES BY FLEXEES.

"PROFILES" CAN BE BOUGHT IN PERSON OR BY MAIL FROM THE HECHT COMPANY, WASHINGTON 4, D. C. TO ORDER BY MAIL SEE PAGE 73.

they took their love to las vegas

(*Continued from page 51*) difficulty remembering the names of their witnesses and both showed a deplorable tendency to waive "Oh, Promise Me" and "I Love You Truly" in favor of a mysterious ditty called "Who Hit Nellie in the Belly with a Flounder?", a number that seemed to have sentimental connotations for both of them. Their marriage, frowned upon by press and public alike, survives today—reasonably stable and very nearly as joyous as it was at its conception.

Vegas—the prefatory "Las" is usually ignored—likes to think about that. It's proof of the proposition maintained by Vegans and a vociferous minority of Hollywoodites that impulsive marriages (particularly in Las Vegas) have a good chance of survival. The record, any Vegan will tell you, bears this out. And Vegas, that much maligned and misunderstood strip of sand, neon and dice tables 90 minutes from Los Angeles, has a long record.

It points with pride, for example, to its most cherished jackpot, Betty Grable and Harry James. The details of the wedding, related here for the first time by a friend and witness, may read like a Dagwood Bumstead nightmare, but remember the payoff.

"They met," says the friend, "when Betty went to hear the James orchestra at the Hollywood Palladium. Betty preferred nothing to swing save Home and Mother, and she fell in love. When Harry headed East for a two-week appearance at New York's Hotel Astor, Betty followed." The marriage was arranged there—Betty was to go back to Hollywood, then double back to Vegas where James would meet her, arriving direct from the East by train. Slightly complicated—but people who are going to be married in Vegas do not let trifles bother them.

"I'll never forget that stifling desert night of July 5, 1943," their friend continued. "The train was two hours late and the bride, waiting at the Last Frontier, had come close to hysterics three times. She was haunted by a notion of omens and finally left the hotel. She insisted on waiting at the tiny Las Vegas station, surrounded by consolers and a worshipping bevy of 150 or so of the younger set.

"Meanwhile, back at the hotel, the license clerk and the minister decided to go home and go to bed. They were dissuaded only by Sam Israel, then Fox publicist and friend of the bride, who offered to sit on both their heads and beat them with blackjack dealers." The hour was well after three. It was 4:15 before the Union Pacific's *City of Los Angeles,* westbound from Salt Lake City, finally slid into the platform. James, and two members of his band dismounted far down the tracks.

"In those days the Vegas platform proper featured a knee-high guard rope designed to keep prospective passengers from wandering into the paths of trains and so lose their value as prospective passengers. Betty knew nothing about this. Anyway, it was dark and she had so much accumulated emotion choking her she wasn't thinking. She yelled, 'Harry, darling!' ran forward full tilt, hit the rope and disappeared into the tender embrace of Nevada's best cinders.

"Not till an hour or so later did a trembling and badly bruised bride repeat the ceremonial words before Dr. C. H. Sloan, her barely less shaken groom beside her. Hastily recruited witnesses joined Sam Israel, Betty Furness, Manny Sachs, Mrs. Lou Wasserman and other friends of the bride and groom (still steadfast) numbering such distinguished Vegans as the fabulous gambler Nick the Greek, who approves of love, and his less distinguished associates who had to be dragged bodily from their dice tables into the two small rooms, joined as one for the occasion."

The Las Vegas ceremony is mercifully short—though warm and sweet as wedding ceremonies anywhere. "Dearly beloved," said the haggard Dr. Sloan. And Betty's voice broke badly as she repeated the marriage vows. In Hollywood no director would have stood for it. "I, Betty, take thee Harry, to be my lawful wedded husband . . . as long as we both shall live. . . ."

As long as they both shall live. They said it in fly-by-night Vegas as dawn was breaking, and they're seven years along now. Percentage-wise, how many marriages anywhere have done as well?

Though nominally second to Reno as a Hollywood divorce center, Las Vegas denies the idea that it caters to domestic ruptures, and points out the 1950 totals: 18,060 marriages against only 2,805 divorces. Vegas is well-stocked with divorce lawyers who make a modest living, for the most part. The post of Justice of the Peace, is however, conservatively estimated to be worth $50,000 a year. It's traditional for Vegans to hold the post only one year, by the way.

Hollywood's contribution to the divorce level was slight. Joan Blondell came out to shuck producer Mike Todd, and more recently Marie Wilson put a period once and for all to her tempestuous marriage to Allan Nixon. There were others less notable, but in all only a fraction of the total number of divorces.

Vegas has a way of turning embittered transients and passers-through into free

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souls and life-long friends. Intended tourists have stopped to look, remained to become tax-payers. Victor Mature, en route to Hollywood after leaving the Coast Guard, dropped in for the night and was still to be seen there three months later. For a considerable time Mark Stevens made Vegas his home between pictures. One prominent star has made plans to move there for keeps as soon as he begins to slip.

Some weeks ago a Hollywood figure sent a young lady in his employ down to Vegas to do a few chores for an enterprise he had in mind. She sent word that the job would take at least another week. After a month she wired that she wasn't coming home at all, and after a long and conceivably awkward silence, she advised him that she was the happiest bride in all of Southwest Nevada. Inasmuch as her employer had been considering marrying her himself, if he ever got around to it, he was quite upset.

The Nevada law is lenient to divorcees-to-be. It requires only that its guests spend a minimum of one minute of every day in the state throughout the six weeks mandatory to establish residence. When Marie Wilson was there, she was doing her "My Friend Irma" radio show in Hollywood. On the day of the show she used to leave town exactly one minute after 12 A.M. and come back in just before they dropped the gate.

LAS VEGAS does not discourage the divorce trade. On the contrary, it has been known to make an outright pitch for it. When the late Carole Landis was heard to be contemplating a Reno separation, one enterprising Vegas hotel man got on the phone and changed her mind.

But it is weddings that Las Vegas loves best. Most of its Hollywood marriages are made by creatures of impulse, whose primary purpose is to cut through the three-day wait imposed by California between license and altar. Traveling an hour and a half by air, or up to 11 hours by milk train across the Sierra Madres mountain range and the Mojave desert, the stars may settle at one of four plush hotels sprawled along "The Strip" west of town. Two of these, the Last Frontier and the Flamingo are fully rigged for whatever may come. They have their own private chapels. The other two hotels are El Rancho Vegas and Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn, a year-old, $4,000,000 spa which was the setting for Ruth Roman's recent union with Mortimer Hall.

Some indication of the thoroughness with which Vegas approaches the wedding situation can be seen in the following section of a brochure distributed by a major hotel. This is what show business would call a package deal:

"A single message to our wedding director . . . and all arrangements will be made for you . . . a minister of your own denomination, or if you prefer, a civil official to perform the ceremony . . . any type of flowers . . . wedding announcement . . . photographs. If you desire, the entire ceremony will be recorded on a phonograph record. You will be assisted in getting your marriage license which may be obtained at any hour, day or night. . . . If you like, a wedding dinner, breakfast or lunch will be planned for you by the wedding director."

Skip the last and all that is yours—or Hollywood's—for $25.

Recently, the Flamingo management arranged to have the Eastern in-laws of a starlet and her groom in on the proceedings. An intricate long-distance telephone hook-up wired the wedding for sound, with the groom breaking into the formalities to shout "Can you hear all right, Ma?"

Obviously, not all Vegas marriages are durable. Deanna Durbin and Producer Felix Jackson couldn't make it stick, nor could Anne Shirley and Adrian Scott, Morgan Ryan and Arline Judge. But there have been lasting marriages like those of Andy and Della Russell, the Ed Wynns, Gloria Grahame and Nickolas Ray, Richard Brooks III and Will Rogers' daughter Mary. To list both sides of the ledger would take more space than we have here—but the marriages are overwhelmingly in the majority.

TAKE Eleanor Parker's own comments on the subject. Her marriage to Bert Friedlob, investment counselor, on January 5, 1946 might be called average. It was not rushed as things go in the West, but not dawdled. It had its quota of gayety, secrecy, its build-up, its delayed revelation and its enduring fiber.

"I'm proud of my Las Vegas marriage," Mrs. Friedlob says. "It's more than five years old, and it's going to be a lot older than that. We have two daughters, Susan Eleanor, two, and Sharon Anne, ten months. We're a completely happy family. So never tell me that Las Vegas weddings are hit-and-run, doomed to failure.

"We agreed to get married one night at the Beverly Club," said Eleanor. "We wanted to keep it secret, but when Bert suddenly told me a week later that he'd chartered a plane to fly to Vegas and be married, I cried. I was wearing an evening dress and had never been on a plane, and Las Vegas—I don't know, it all sounded a little raffish. So Bert took me home to Mother. A week later we decided to go after all and this time it was *my* idea. We took our very good mutual friend Al Bloomingdale along - but we didn't tell him what we had in mind.

"Poor Al." Miss Parker stopped to laugh. "He'll never play blackjack again.

"We checked in at Rancho Vegas in separate bungalows and then next morning had to figure out a way to ditch Al. So we took him to a small gambling place and Bert said he'd show him how to play blackjack so he couldn't lose. The idea was to take it easy, Bert said, play very slow—and incidentally give us a chance to get married. That part under our breaths. So Al started out like a man in a slow motion picture, and we rushed off to have the ceremony performed by the Justice of the Peace—Gene Ward.

"Then we covered my ring with gloves and went back to Al. We were still keeping it a secret. I'd used my real name, Eleanor Jean Losee, and we thought we were safe. But back in Hollywood it wasn't always a cinch. Every evening Bert would tell his friends he had to drive me home to North Hollywood. Then we'd detour around to his house on Camden Drive in Beverly Hills and stay there. His friends thought I was crazy—I hope that's the word—being there so much for breakfast but Bert told them I was standing in for his cook.

"But it couldn't last, and in a way I'm glad it didn't. Secrets are fun only for a little while.

"Two weeks later—two o'clock one Saturday morning—Louella Parsons called and said the jig was up. She'd identified Eleanor Jean Losee, the girl who was married in Vegas, and was going to break the story. So we rushed over to her house, drank to our marriage in champagne, forgot the cook story and have lived happily ever since.

"If you want to do the same, marry in Vegas. I cordially recommend it."

So do hundreds of other stable film folk and thousands who have never been nearer Hollywood than there. They take their hearts to Vegas, formally unite them with the special Vegas glue and find, contrary to careless opinion, that it's high grade glue indeed. THE END



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the real victims of hollywood love

(*Continued from page 53*) industry, and in fact for years afterwards, wherever they go they can feel the eyes of the curious on them.

Not long ago, while he and Jean Wallace were again before the courts, Franchot Tone walked into Schwab's drug store with their two boys, Pascal, who is seven, and Tommy, who is five. Pascal and Tommy acted like any other kids who come into Schwab's. They dived for the comics on the newsstand while Franchot walked back to the prescription counter. For a while the kids had their heads buried in the books, and then Pascal raised his to look around. He met the eyes of at least a half-dozen patrons who were watching the boys with interest. Whether Pascal knew that he and Tommy were then on the front pages of the city's newspapers as their parents argued over their custody is a question that no one can answer. But he dropped his gaze to his book again quickly and not until it was time for them to go did either of them change his position. Then they scampered out quickly.

It is more than five years since Jennifer Jones divorced Bob Walker, but since she and he are still very much in the limelight, their activities are reported steadily, and only occasionally do these stories fail to carry some mention of the surprising love triangle that saw Jennifer marry her producer, David O. Selznick, after getting her decree. Their two boys can read. Robert Jr. is ten, Michael is nine. Are newspapers hidden from them? How long can this be kept up? And what about their playmates, who can read, and, like all children, gossip and tease. No, the Jennifer Jones-Robert Walker divorce is over only on the official records, not as far as the lives of their sons are concerned.

WHEN a harm is done, someone is guilty. Who is guilty when a family founders? Not in any court, not in any study of marriage relationships has a formula been discovered to establish this. Only one truth remains: those who have committed no fault at all suffer the most.

From Stockholm to Stromboli was a colorful, romantic path for Ingrid Bergman, and, from all current reports, one that has ended happily for her. But hardly begun for her 12-year-old daughter, Pia. Pia, or Jenny Ann, as she is now called, had a mother *and* a father when she left Stockholm for Hollywood. Technically, she still has a mother, but not for any practical purposes. Motherhood must thin out pretty much after it has travelled some five thousand miles. Nobody ever heard, nothing was ever printed about what Pia thought of her mother's flight and new marriage in Italy. This just isn't done. Yet whom could those events concern more closely? Who could have wondered more, worried more? And what could a psychologist gather from whatever thoughts Pia must now have about the other child, Ingrid's baby son, Renato, who is today getting first-hand love from the mother who was once exclusively hers?

A doorbell rings in Shirley Temple's home and she goes to answer. John Agar stands on the threshold. She greets him politely, and tells him that Linda is in the nursery. It is all very formal and restrained. Linda is very young and may hardly note that she sees only one of her parents at a time now, and that never is she the adored object of attention of both of them at the same time. Or does she notice, in some intuitive, child's way? When she is old enough to understand, will it all be explained to her gently or will she have to ask questions first? And, whichever the case, will it minimize the inevitable shock?

HOLLYWOOD'S stars who find themselves in these unhappy, parental circumstances aren't inhuman. They do their best to soften the jolt. Sometimes, even, it is the "new" daddy or mommy, the stepparent, who does the best job of this. Victor Mature has probably never worked at anything in his life as hard as he has at winning the affection of eight-year-old Mike, the son of Dorothy Berry whom he married three years ago. He started out by creating a lot of interesting "jobs" which, he assured the boy, nobody but he could do well. He noticed that Mike loved music and he took a roundabout way to develop this liking; he sang for Mike in his atrocious voice and then, very seriously, asked the child for his opinion of it. Mike was honest, but his own voice was full of pity as he told Victor his singing was "the worst in America." Immediately, Victor asked for help and the two work on Victor's vocalizing every day. It is a very serious business; any time now Victor may be asked to sing in a picture and Mike realizes he is racing a deadline. To help Mike, Victor bought him a guitar. To help Victor, Mike plays it. They get along fine.

You can protect a child in the home, perhaps, but unfortunately there remains the outer world in which he has to stand alone. A story which Hollywood laughed over, yet which actually has notes of tragedy and frustration in it, concerns two Beverly Hills school boys arguing with each other during a recess period.

"My father can lick your father!" challenged one of the boys suddenly.

"Aw, g'wan!" replied the other bitterly. "Your father *is* my father!"

That the children of divorced couples who later remarry carry their resentment into their play life is not fiction. To lose a mother is one thing. To meet the kid who has gained your mother is a little too much sometimes. Adults who hear about such an incident laugh—but the kids who hear it don't. They can *feel* it emotionally, and it spells out something very serious to them. These young children know a lot of jokes, but none of them have to do with divorce. To many youthful victims in Hollywood that subject brings a lump to the throat rather than a chuckle.

YOU can make an alphabetic listing of stars and popular players whose divorces involved children and go on for better than a couple of hundred names. From John Agar, Lois Andrews and Eve Arden to Orson Welles, Jane Wyman and Keenan Wynn is a long way in the alphabet and involves such other names as Shirley Temple, George Jessel, Ned Bergan, Rita Hayworth, Ronald Reagan and Eve Abbott. Even more, you have to think

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of what went on from there. Shirley is now Mrs. Charles Black. Lois Andrews married twice after Jessel, and divorced both new husbands. Rita Hayworth wed Aly Khan; Keenan Wynn went on to Betty Butler; and Keenan's Eve became Mrs. Van Johnson. This takes in only the "A's" and the "W's." There are left all the stars whose names begin with any of the other 24 letters, and in whose subsequent lives there was fully as much intermarital-mingling—a new word which doesn't make sense even at second sight, but then, neither does the Hollywood marriage scene. In all this confusion, one wonders about the children involved. It is a debatable question whether they are able to retain their composure, or identity.

A pattern has evolved in the shuffling and reshuffling of Hollywood marriages as far as the new relationships affect the children concerned; the youngsters generally remain with the mother and acquire a stepfather. Sometimes, as in the case of Jerilynn Jessel, who is nine, they go from one stepfather to another. Her mother, Lois Andrews, married David Street after her divorce from George Jessel, and then married Steve Brodie after her marriage to Street was annulled. Inasmuch as she and Steve were also divorced a few years ago, Jerilynn may get yet a third stepfather.

WHAT happens to the love between original parent and child in such cases? The courts do their best by permitting visits and sharing periods of custody, but to regulate such delicate relationships by the calendar and the clock is at best a sad thing, and everyone admits it. A boy who hasn't seen his father for weeks is often a shy, little individual when they do meet, unsure of himself, unable to give of himself. The father, measuring what tenderness and love has been lost forever between them, is himself awkard.

Yes, the hard, cynicism of many a star is merely his way of covering up the emptiness in his life resulting from a broken marriage. And more than one top studio executive has pushed important work away from him that he may ponder for an hour how to recreate the adoring look that was in his child's eyes.

---

10 Years Ago This Month

"The marriage of the Gary Coopers is the latest to land in the Hollywood frying pan. Friends hope it's not true . . ."—*Modern Screen, April, 1941.*

When summer vacation rolls around for the four children John Wayne had by his former wife, Josephine Saenz, and they come to visit him, he devotes every moment of his time to them. No one at the Isthmus at Catalina, where John gets a house for the kids and himself, has ever seen a merrier get-together. With Michael, 15, Antonia, 14, Patrick, 11, and Melinda, 9, he fishes and swims, goes out with them for lobsters and abalone, keeps a steady program of activities going. The kids are crazy about him, of course, and, of course, they can't help but feel sad when the vacation ends and they have to say goodbye. John isn't too happy either.

A MOTION picture star is made of no firmer flesh and colder blood than anyone else. If anything, the strain on his or her marriage is greater than average because of the nature of film work and the toll it exacts on emotional fibre. Certainly he cannot be condemned either for falling in love, or falling out of love; no more than the next person. But he is going to be—because he is constantly in the public eye.

Yet when stars work out marital dif-

ferences without resorting to legal means, they get very little credit for it. June Allyson and Dick Powell proved themselves mature individuals when they licked a nasty situation three years ago when they were almost at the breaking point. Since they had no children at the time, it would have been simple enough for each to go his or her separate way. Instead they reasoned out their differences, and when they were sure of themselves cemented their reunion by adopting a little girl, Pamela Allyson. Today their solid marriage is embodied in a baby boy, Richard Keith. It's a nice triumph for both them and Hollywood, even though there are no headlines about it.

PROFESSIONAL differences once threatened the marriage of a couple known as Mr. and Mrs. Jess Barker. This would have been a deplorable ending for a mating that had produced a fine set of twin boys, Gregory and Timothy.

What started to upset things here was their careers. Mrs. Barker, otherwise known as Susan Hayward, grew steadily in film importance. Jess, once headed for stardom, for some reason stopped short far from the peak. There is involved sensitivity, professional jealousy, and, more than anything else, male pride. No matter how you philosophize about it, it is hard for a man to step aside as the principal breadwinner in his own home.

Wisely, though, Susan and Jess sought out a marriage counselor and dug right to the roots of the dissension. Before they parted they were going to know exactly why, not half-surmise the reasons. What they learned must have been interesting and consoling, because on the basis of it they managed to hammer out a solution which kept mother and father and children together—where they all belonged.

Susan continues to be an actress. Jess continues to be an actor. But first of all, they recognize that they are parents.

Susan tells her story in these words:

"My Hollywood career is my outside interest in life, just as other women have outside interests, in clubs, in hospital work, in any of a hundred occupations. It is not going to hurt my motherhood or my being a good wife. I will not let it. Jess and I have impressed on the boys that we all love each other and that nothing else is as important as this. Nothing is."

THERE used to be a popular opinion that without many loves a star could not maintain allure at the box office. This is thoroughly disproved now. Olivia De Havilland achieved her greatest success after her marriage to Marcus Goodrich, after motherhood for that matter. And there is every indication that she is still climbing. Clark Gable was in his real heyday while he was married to Carole Lombard. Reconciliation with Dick Powell has certainly not hurt June Allyson; she is bigger than ever. The same can be said for Susan Hayward.

On the contrary the old adage may soon be rephrased to prove that scampering from marriage to marriage greases the skids of a film career. It is doubtful whether Rita Hayworth will ever again be the box office punch she was five years ago. And perhaps Ingrid Bergman can come back to where she once was—but no one doubts for a moment that a comeback is necessary.

It is not in careers lost or won that Hollywood divorces should be judged, but in the young lives it trips up; in the lives of the children who have two homes, and sometimes three homes, but not one that is wholly and securely theirs . . . not one that is the center of affection from their real mother and father at one and the same time. THE END



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New **ODO-RO-NO**

SPRAY

The Deodorant without a Doubt

second heartbreak

(*Continued from page 41*) For Holiywood first knew Barbara as the wife of mercurial Frank Fay, who'd held the Palace Theater audiences in New York spellbound. The two had met before Barbara was a smash-hit on Broadway in *Burlesque.* Oscar Levant had introduced them and after the first meeting Barbara told Levant, "I've met conceited men, but never one as conceited as that hombre." And Levant, as usual, duly reported her words to Fay, who in turn razzed her about *Burlesque.* Nonetheless, the two were deeply attracted to each other, and not quite a year later, Barbara trained out for St. Louis, Missouri, where Fay was appearing, and they were married. Shortly after the wedding Barbara went on tour in *Burlesque* while he went on with his show. They were reunited in New York a few months later.

When Barbara was offered movie contracts, she was of a mind to turn them down so she and Fay wouldn't be separated again. But he suggested she take them. They'd both go to Hollywood where he'd deign to work in pictures, too.

BARBARA'S first screen appearances definitely were not a success. And more fuss was made over Frank Fay for *awhile.* But he lauded his wife to everyone who would listen. He even went so far as to whisper to a few producers he'd be willing to pay her $1,000 a week salary himself if they'd hire her but not let her know the arrangement.

As it turned out, he should have worried more about his career and not at all about hers. With Frank Capra she hit her stride and was on her way while Frank Fay turned into a real picture flop.

But Barbara's love for her man was so obvious, so strong, and so vehement that it was like a triumphant, challenging banner. Such was her stance for the seven years of their marriage. Reporters were more and more convinced that here was a deathless love which could withstand *any* humiliation. How frayed that banner of love became, no one knew until one day she moved herself and their adopted child, Dion, out of their Brentwood estate into a modest but charming house in Beverly Hills; leaving Frank Fay to enjoy the swimming pool, the estate and the beautiful gardens all by himself.

What the final humiliation was has never been told by Barbara, although there were many innuendoes and whispered reports by others. More than likely it was her own painfully gained conviction that she couldn't pull him up from the depths of depression into which he'd thrown himself when he saw her success and his failure side by side. She tried. She gave up Hollywood and went on tour with him. But her own common sense—and she's a mighty sensible lass—must have shown her during the tour that sacrificing her own success to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of his potential one was no answer to their problem. Back in Hollywood, she must have realized in their lavish Brentwood home that no man wants that kind of sacrifice from a woman.

Whatever the last straw, it was never discussed by Barbara. A simple statement that a divorce had been agreed upon was issued. Many years later when Frank Fay once again hit the big-time in the Broadway production of *Harvey,* Earl Wilson, noted columnist, tried to egg her into going to see the hit play. She said sharply and succinctly, "No thank you. I saw all the rabbits Fay had to offer years ago."

BUT in the months following that separation in August, 1935, it was obvious

that Missy's heart did not break easily. She became almost fiercely anti-social. Career-wise she won the title of Hollywood's Suspension Queen. She flatly turned down role after role. With no back-log of savings, she was in an economic jam. Fortunately, the late Danny Danker, the advertising executive generally credited with the Lux Radio Theater, sympathized with her and used her on every Lux program possible. With those earnings she held out until the right role came along. (How much that meant to her is evident. Her loyalty to Danny did not end with his death. She transferred it to Lux Radio Theater and out of sheer gratitude will drop everything to appear there when asked.)

Barbara was as non-existent on the Hollywood scene as Greta Garbo. While others were dancing at the Trocadero, she might be found in a severely tailored suit, a no-nonsense hat pulled low over her face, browsing in a book-store for something she hadn't read. Reading became important, not only as a chance to make up for the education she'd missed, but to assuage her bewildered loneliness. She developed such a reading habit that Bob Taylor said humorously after their marriage, "There ought to be a Book-of-the-Day Club for her."

She selected friends carefully and slowly. For the first time she turned to women for friendship. Marian Marx, wife of agent Zeppo Marx, was her most intimate pal. They became interested in raising horses and bought 130 acres in the San Fernando Valley.

It was Marian Marx who talked her into appearing at the Marxes' dinner party at the Trocadero one night in March of 1936. There she met Bob Taylor. It was not love at first sight but later she was to say, "Funny thing to pick to say about Bob Taylor, but I thought then what I think now, that he's a really *good* man."

THE second night after their meeting, Bob telephoned her for a date. Perhaps cued by Marian Marx, he didn't suggest a night club. He suggested a ride. After a few rides, they branched into riding the roller-coaster and the carousel at Venice Pier. Then Bob was going to her house for dinner, putting a stack of swing records on her fine phonograph, and sitting down to the table where they virtually had to scream at each other to be heard above Duke Ellington or Benny Goodman. Then they began to go to the Troc and some other places for dancing occasionally.

Soon Barbara became social enough to invite such friends as Bob, Carole Lombard and Clark Gable to her ranch to help her and Marian Marx paint fences. She called them "paddock parties." Then Bob bought a 30-acre ranch just two miles away from hers and Saturday night diners at the Hollywood Brown Derby became used to seeing them drop by in riding clothes, hungry as bears at the end of a long winter.

They talked endlessly and no doubt Bob Taylor, still new to pictures, had full benefit of Missy's sharp-tongued kindliness—kindliness to which Joel McCrea, Bill Holden and countless others will attest.

By the time Missy and Bob made *This Is My Affair* together, Bob was earning $3,500 a week—enough for a man to marry a Hollywood star. Hollywood was convinced they were already married.

Then Bob was sent to England in 1938. At that time, Missy told reporters frankly, "Bob will soon be in England for a picture. For four, or maybe six months. Certainly when he goes, all my affection goes with him. That's true now, today, as I say it. But who knows about tomorrow? I don't. Perhaps it is the best thing that could happen to us, this separation. We've been together every day, every evening

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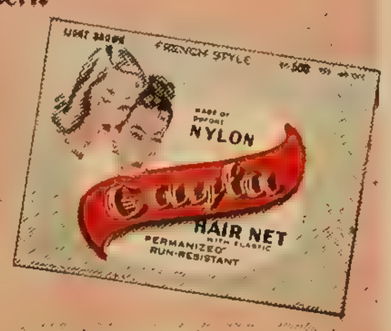
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for the past two years. We don't know whether we can live happily without each other, or not. This parting should tell us, one way or the other. If we find that we can't, then, when Bob comes back, we will stop this dilly-dallying. We have a great deal in common, Bob and I. We have talked it over very seriously. We are not engaged. We are not married. If we were it would be different."

When Bob returned, he said, "Well, now, it's tomorrow and nothing has changed. We spend all of our free time together, every minute of it, just as we did before I left. And we spend it in the Valley at her place, or at mine, or at a neighborhood movie or, playing games, or listening to the radio, or fooling around with horses, or reading agricultural bulletins. We haven't changed."

They were married on May 14, 1939, and they took their marriage into that ivory tower from which they barred their fans by barring the press. No photographs were made in their home for public consumption. But somehow the public respected that. Only little details came out about their life together. The ever-present coffee-maker ready to produce a cup at any moment. The stacks of phonograph records. The books. The gatherings of such friends as the Marxes, the Peter Godfreys, the Jack Bennys.

Once Barbara told me after she'd just moved, "I remembered how I used to sit alone, reading one book after another, a real anti-social gal. I thought how that man from Nebraska and this gal from Brooklyn had both come a long, long way to meet and join their futures . . . their diverse backgrounds, their respective tastes, their careers and ambitions. I thought, with whatever possessions, in whatever locations, adding up the memories, balancing the good experiences, life's been pretty generous. And then I remembered that we're just a typical American couple—sharing a typical American story."

Deluxe style perhaps, but they shared in the hard times America faced during the war years with Bob a Lieutenant in the United States Navy. It separated them for long months, too, except when Bob was sent on a tour of duty in the States and Barbara could accompany him.

Then she ducked the limelight to the extent that Earl Wilson asked rather caustically one time just how long it took an actress to take a bath. She simply disappeared into the only available space—the bathroom—while Bob, as a Navy officer, was interviewed by the columnist.

They survived that separation and others. They seemed even to survive the separation entailed by Bob's many months in Italy for *Quo Vadis*. Barbara, involved in *To Please A Lady* with Clark Gable, had to stay here until the picture was over. Then off she went to Italy for a Roman holiday. With her went Helen Ferguson. Helen reported in December's MODERN SCREEN on that idyllic time and how the Italians referred to the Taylors as "Our love couple."

When Bob returned to the United States, he went almost immediately to San Francisco for a commonplace operation. Then back to Hollywood, where all seemed well with Missy and her second great love.

But now they themselves—not gossips—say that love has ended. The ivory tower has crumbled to the dust of a divorce.

In the meantime, Missy has gone into seclusion. "Busy reading scripts" is the official report. And her friends worry about what this is doing to her.

Barbara herself must be deeply concerned. In her long trek from the slums of Brooklyn to the splendor of Beverly Hills, she had managed great artistic success but broken her heart twice.

There is little doubt that her first heartbreak gave her the idea of creating that ivory tower where she too successfully hid the problems which long separations created.

Perhaps in all her reading she never came across Gautier's words in "The War And The Destinies of Art," ". . . retired in his Tower of Ivory, isolated, according to his desire, from the world of man, he resembles, whether he so wishes or not, another solitary figure, the watcher enclosed for months at a time in a lighthouse at the end of a cliff."

Barbara was never really isolated from the world of acting, but more so from life and marriage. Is she saying to herself now, "Maybe it is the best thing that could happen to us, this separation . . . we don't know whether we can live happily without each other, or not. This parting should tell us, one way or the other. . . ?" Perhaps she is.

Her friends hope so. They hope that this parting will eventually reunite Barbara and Bob, and that they'll abandon their respective ivory towers which are unhappy places, and no way for a gal from Brooklyn and a fellow from Nebraska to live.

THE END

an ex-sweetheart looks back

(*Continued from page 49*) Elizabeth didn't find Peter exhausting. To begin with, she was absolutely "gone" on him. They'd drive down to Laguna Beach in his Cadillac convertible and park on a hill overlooking the ocean. Liz would take off her shoes, and they'd hike for miles over the huge, rock-studded cliffs. Whether Pete ever spoke to her of marriage in the future no one can say.

This was in 1948, they were doing *Little Women* together. You may remember how Liz looked in that picture. She has never been more beautiful, perhaps, because she had fallen in love for the first time in her life. The two lunched together almost every day. In the evenings they were often seen at Will Wright's famous ice cream parlor, talking gaily while consuming platters of English toffee ice cream.

Mrs. Taylor has never concealed the worries she has had about Elizabeth, but in Peter Lawford she had no cause for worry. She considered him perfect for her daughter. And Peter got along with Mrs. Taylor very well—a fact his friends considered a rare achievement, for the press had already given him a "wolfish" reputation and Mrs. Taylor was known to have told off more wolves than one.

There have always been a lot of myths about Peter. His attitude of carefree sophistication was just that. Actually, he always was a mature, intelligent, solid citizen more than a little wary of overenthusiastic female advances.

That he is miserly is also an untrue accusation. What other young man in Hollywood has ever treated his parents so well? He shares a beautiful home with them and sees that their every need is taken care of even before they are aware of a need.

No one can tell the friends to whom Pete has loaned money or given expensive gifts that he is a penny-pincher. During the height of his romance with Sharman Douglas, he showered her with thoughtful presents. It is not so fantastic to say that the reason his romance with Sharman did not blossom was that the memory of Liz was fresh in his mind.

Close friends remember him saying, "I won't marry until I'm 30." That would make Elizabeth 21—Pete's idea of the proper age at which a girl should marry. Friends have also noticed his extreme restlessness lately. During the last two years he has been to almost every state in the union. When questioned about his travels he shrugged off the reply, "I don't know, I must have lost something."

Probably Elizabeth was too young for Peter when they met. She was going through a period of life that was full of adolescent anguish. When she crossed the Metro lot in a sweater, calloused characters stood around and whistled at her. At Hollywood parties, certain men who consider conquests of young girls an important triumph, used to try to break down her cool and genuine wholesomeness with very little subtlety.

But Elizabeth was just as her mother so emphatically put it—"a nice girl." When she was with Pete there was all the difference in the world compared to her behavior with other people. Ordinarily she was shy or cautious, or both. In Pete's company she was completely relaxed, and perhaps it is not so startling that she should have chosen to give her heart to Nicky Hilton who in many ways is the complete opposite of Lawford. Pete has a rare and brilliant sense of humor. Nicky has humor in his makeup, but compared to the actor he is almost dour, like a man grown old before his time.

Everything that Pete did in company with Liz was different and unexpected. He called her Liza. He had such deep respect for her that he refused to monopolize her time. He didn't give her presents, except on rare occasions, perhaps feeling that this would mean pressing a courtship before he felt that she was ready for more than friendship.

In Hollywood there is a wide group of people who seem to take delight in destroying anything that is genuinely wholesome. There was unkind gossip. Some of it must have reached Pete's ear. Suddenly, when *Little Women* was completed, he took off on a trip, and who is to know with what disgust such words as "cradle robber" must have rung in his ears. Pete didn't come back for weeks, and when he did, things were not the same.

The next development was Pete's sudden and persistent dating of the far more worldly Ava Gardner. Because both Liz and Ava worked on the same studio lot, this was an abrupt, if almost brutal, manner of calling a halt to the association with Liz. But it is safe to say that Pete could not erase the thoughts of her save in the company of such a dynamic and attractive girl as Ava.

As is always the case with an attempt at honest analysis in Hollywood, Pete Lawford may not relish the recollection of all these events. Perhaps, however, in his more mature view of life, he won't mind at all, for there was nothing in his well-disciplined feelings for Elizabeth to be ashamed of. When, a year later, she married Nicky Hilton, a group of people were speculating on how long the two would stay together.

"I give it no more than a year," a girl said, and then turned to Pete. "What do you think, Pete?"

He said, "I wish them every happiness," and got up and left the room. This is not to imply that Pete Lawford carried a torch. To be honest, it cannot be said that he eagerly accepted the part in *Kangaroo*, being filmed in Australia, in order not to be around the Metro lot. An artful writer could suggest that his planned jaunt through Italy and France was partially for the purpose of not being around Hollywood until the definite end of Liz's marriage in actual divorce had come. This isn't the case at all.

There is more than a probability that Pete Lawford may suddenly marry. Time after time he has gone with girls up to the proposal point, only to become suddenly wary. Such may be the case with what appears to be his current heart situation. Her name is Jean MacDonald, a lovely blonde girl, socially prominent in the East. Pete met Jean first a couple of years ago. It was a casual thing. She had a date with someone else at a New York night club. A year later they ran into each other in Honolulu. Then, two months ago, just as Pete was beginning to work in *Kangaroo* in Australia, they met again. Jean was traveling around the world and showed up in Australia. They practically fell in each other's arms. Whether this might have been the case had she shown up in Hollywood is something else again. Pete, however, had been baking in the desolate wastelands a hundred miles from Port Augusta. It is not surprising that the attractive Jean MacDonald should look like a complete angel, and that their interest in each other should come close to the marriage stage. Even Australians will tell you that the place the *Kangaroo* company has been working is the "hell hole of the world," and with no offense to Miss MacDonald, she came closer to being Mrs. Peter Lawford than any other girl since Pete first began to think about Liz Taylor and the girl she'd be in a couple of years. As for Sharman Douglas, that situation has been off for some time.

In view of all this, it may even be predicted that Pete and Liz will be seeing each other again. If not now, sometime in the future. Stranger things have happened in the history of romances. THE END

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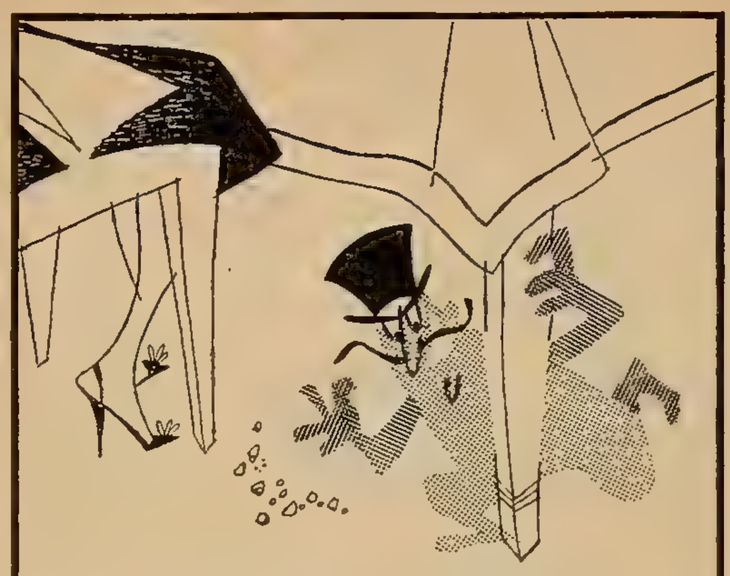
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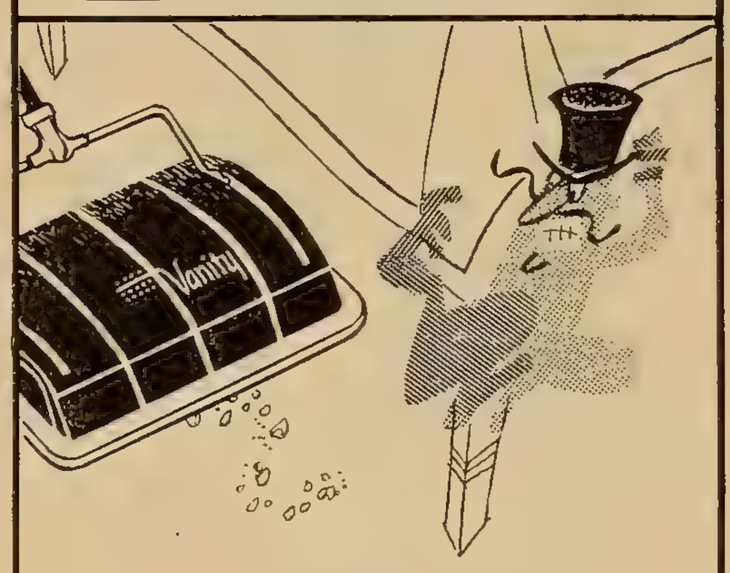
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tell it to joan

by joan evans



Do you have a complex about your complexion? Then care for yourself my way. . . .

I HONESTLY think that the ugliest word in the English language is "pimple"—why doesn't someone invent a new word? But there's no getting away from it. I just have to do a general article about teen-age grooming and I must include something about skin blemishes.

A couple of months ago I answered a letter from a girl who wanted to know how I kept my skin so smooth. Well, I was terribly flattered and I told her briefly what I did. Since then I've had hundreds of letters asking me to elaborate. And also a lot of requests for advice on teen-age grooming problems. What I'm about to say—right or wrong—is strictly for teen-agers.

First of all, the complexion. When you're in your teens your skin, being more oily than at any other time, is more apt to collect dirt. So keep it super clean. Scrub your face every morning and every night with a complexion brush. An ordinary wash cloth won't do the trick. You have to scrub your face as if it was the kitchen floor. Dip the brush in water and work up a good lather with the soap. Give your face the lather treatment about three times, washing the soap off every time. The last time let the lather stay on for a couple of minutes until it dries. Then wash it off, using the brush again.

When your skin is clean, rub baby oil or any good complexion oil into your face and let it stay on as long as you can. I let the oil stay on my face every night when I'm doing my home work and Saturdays when I'm not working, I just plaster my face with oil and let it stay on all day.

Remember to drink plenty of water—at least eight glasses a day.

So, for the complexion—keep it clean, keep it oiled and if you still have skin problems then you should talk to your doctor.

Now about makeup. I don't know how the rumor started but I've been accused of wearing makeup two inches thick. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I don't use powder base of any kind and the other day, when I was going to have a portrait sitting, I discovered I didn't even own rouge. I'm against heavy makeup for teen-agers. Personally, all I use is lipstick, a little light brown eye-brow pencil and powder.

Next in importance to the face so far as good grooming is concerned is the hair. And here's a pretty good rule—keep it clean, keep it oiled, keep it brushed. Isn't it funny that so many old-fashioned methods can be applied today. Our grandmothers believed in brushing their hair a hundred strokes every morning and a hundred strokes every night, and it is brushing that brings up the natural oil in the hair and makes it look alive.

I got a letter from a girl in Newark, N. J., that says, "I am 14 and have everything a girl my age could want except for one thing—my nails. I've tried all ways to stop biting them but I can't. What can I do?"

Now here's another problem that I certainly know about. I was a nail biter myself once and I could give you a lot of corny advice about how to stop. One solution, which may work in some cases, is to go to a manicurist once a week, always carry an emery board with you and when you have a ragged nail, file it down so it won't tempt you. Or put bitter aloes on the nails. But there is really just one way to do it. Stop biting them!

You know, after I gave the reducing diet I got a lot of letters from girls who said, "The diet was fine but I just couldn't stick to it."

If you haven't enough will power to stick to a diet then you really don't want to lose weight. Same way with nail biting. This is something that takes just old-fashioned will power. I know it can be done because I did it. I looked down at my hands one day and

said, "This is silly." And I stopped biting my nails just like that! Look. You have to put your hand to your mouth in order to bite your nails. Well, when you start to put your hand to your mouth, just put your hand down again. It's not easy. But that's all there is to it.

THE next most important thing about good grooming is the care you take of your clothes. You can have a wardrobe that cost a thousand dollars but it won't do you any good unless it is kept up. It's much better to have few clothes that you care for properly.

It's the old, old stitch-in-time-saves-nine theory. At night when you undress, look over the clothes you've just taken off. If a button is missing, sew it on right then. If a seam is split, don't wait until the rush for school tomorrow. If the dress or skirt needs pressing, do it immediately. Do it before you put it on the hanger. Wash your stockings or socks when you take them off. Brush your shoes. Honestly, if all of us would just do this we'd never have to go through that awful chore known as "cleaning out the closet."

I had a letter from a girl in Columbus, Ohio, who asked me if I thought my being in pictures helped me to be better groomed. Well, I had to think about that for a minute, but suddenly I knew the answer was "Yes." And the reason is this: I know that I am judged by my appearance. So I have to look as good as I can every time I go out—whether it's going to school at the studio, to the movies, or just down to the drug store. So that's why I check on the stocking seams, on hair well brushed—little things like that.

Because, honestly, the whole secret about good grooming is being clean and neat.

No, I'm wrong. There's something else. You can have good-looking, well-pressed clothes, nice hair, a good complexion and wonderful finger nails, but unless you have good posture the effect is just nothing.

Posture is terribly important. Whether you're short or whether you're tall you should carry yourself as if—well—this is a funny thing to say, maybe, but as if you believed in yourself.

Hold your back straight, your stomach in, your chin up. You might feel real silly walking this way but you don't look silly to other people. Do you know that model's trick? Stand with the spine flat against the wall. Every vertebra from the neck to the hips touching the wall. Then without a single slump, walk away. That's good posture.

Everything worth while takes time. And I know it's hard with school and home work and chores to get good grooming on the time budget. But it really takes just a few minutes a day if it's every day. And, believe me, it's really worthwhile.

Now for some other problems. And if you don't like my advice you can tell me so. I'm just expressing my own opinion.

"Dear Joan: I'm a teen-ager with red hair and a bad temper. I want to be a school teacher. I make straight A's. Do you think I would make a good teacher? I like children. R. P., Evansville, Indiana."

I think you'd be swell but for just one thing —the bad temper. I think it's great for a girl to want to be a teacher but until you can learn to



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control the temper I think it would be wrong. I'd like to hear what other kids think, but I know I've had a couple of teachers with bad tempers and the year was ruined for me.

"Dear Joan: I'm a Junior in high school and I'm afraid a boy is going to ask me to his senior prom. I don't know how to dance and, what's more, I don't like to. Should I refuse him or go with him if he does ask me? C. R., Boston, Mass."

What you should do is to learn to dance right away, if your parents have nothing against it. To be a well-rounded person socially you have to do whatever the crowd does. And whether you like dancing or not you should pretend to. Get one of your girl friends to teach you to dance immediately.

"Dear Joan: I like a boy who is two years younger than I am. He is nice looking, pleasant in manner and speech, and has a good background, but all my girl friends think it is wrong for me to go with him. What do you think? A. D., Malden, Mass."

I just don't think age has anything to do with it. If you like this boy and he likes you and you have fun together what possible difference can his being younger make? And, anyhow, it's not up to your girl friends to decide. If your family approves, and if you like him that's all that matters.

"Dear Joan: I always run around wearing blue jeans and plaid shirts. My mother thinks I should wear dresses like other girls do. What do you really think about this? P. R. H., West Monroe, La."

Honey, I'm on your mother's side. Jeans and shirts are fine for a hike or horseback riding or working in the garden. But I certainly don't think they're for school or going to the movies.

"Dear Joan: I'm going steady with a sweet, reliable boy. I'm in love with another boy who I think likes me. Should I take the chance of hurting my present boy friend by breaking off with him to try to win another boy's affections? B. S., Bronx, N. Y."

A lot of kids jumped all over me when I said I didn't believe in going steady. Here's one of the reasons. If you didn't have a steady, you wouldn't have this problem. However, now you're in this mess, I think you have to be honest. You'll just have to tell your present boy friend how you feel. Otherwise, it wouldn't be fair to him. But before doing this be very sure that you aren't just fickle.

"Dear Joan: I would like to know how to overcome an inferiority complex. It's an awful feeling, thinking all the time that everyone is better than you are. D. W., Falls Church, Va."

Now, look, it just isn't possible that everybody is superior to you. And did you ever stop to think that there are a lot of people who feel inferior to you? Forget about your inferiority complex. Everybody has one in one way or another. We're all just people trying to do the best we can. Make yourself as charming and as interesting as you know how to be. People will respond.

Gee, I wish I could answer every letter I get, but the editor of Modern Screen just won't give me the whole magazine! So that's all for this month. The End

what happened to lana's marriage?

(*Continued from page 27*) discord with Bob Topping.

"We've had our little quarrels," Lana says, "but all this talk about Bob and myself breaking up isn't true. Frankly, I'm a little sick of all this gossip. As soon as I finish retakes on *Mr. Imperium*, Bob and I are getting out of town."

This gossip, of course, is nothing new. For the past three years there have been rumors of periodic discord between Bob Topping and his fourth bride, and whisperings that eventually this unhappiness would drive both parties to divorce.

Speaking of a Hollywood starlet who said she didn't intend to get married until she was 25, Clark Dennis remarked, "And she probably doesn't intend to be 25, until she's married."—*Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat.*

At the time of Lana's hectic springtime marriage to the wealthy sportsman, one of Lana's closest friends privately prophesied that, "If this marriage lasts five years, it will be a miracle."

Another friend of the incomparably beautiful Turner exclaimed two hours after the wedding, "Will someone please tell me how this marriage can last? Bob and Lana have absolutely nothing in common. Bob was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. Lana was born into poverty.

"Bob's family mansion is large enough to house a detachment of U. S. Marines. Lana spent her youth shuffling from Wallace, Idaho, to San Francisco to Los Angeles, earning practically every cent she ever spent. I don't want to be a wet blanket, but this whole thing is too much like a Cinderella story to come true."

This is the same sort of talk that was circulated around Hollywood when Liz Taylor married Nicky Hilton, Mickey Rooney married Martha Vickers, and Franchot Tone married Jean Wallace. Unfortunately, the Monday morning quarterbacks were correct in their dire predictions in these cases.

Recently, an actress who has worked with Lana in many films, came right out and said, "Lana's one of the sweetest girls in the business, but my own belief is that she married Bob Topping on the rebound. She was very hurt when Ty Power ran off and married Linda Christian, and experience proves that rebound marriages have a very small chance of succeeding. I should know. It happened to me, you see."

If Lana and Bob were to have children the current rash of rumors might disappear. But Lana has had two miscarriages, the second only a few months ago. Even if she were to give birth successfully to a child, the chances of the baby's survival would be slim.

People in Hollywood know that there has been a definite change in her character. Years ago Lana was very friendly to the press. She would sit for dozens of interviews, answer all sorts of questions, pose for layouts. She was the darling of all the newspapermen.

Nowadays, many reporters consider her uncooperative and blame it on their belief that she is unhappily married.

A while ago, not too long after she had lost her second child, Lana Turner was heard shouting in her swanky new home on Mapleton Drive in Holmby Hills—that, at least, is what neighbors told reporters.

Soon, rumors to the effect that the Toppings were quarreling vehemently began

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BE *sure* of your feminine daintiness . . . douche regularly with "Lysol"!

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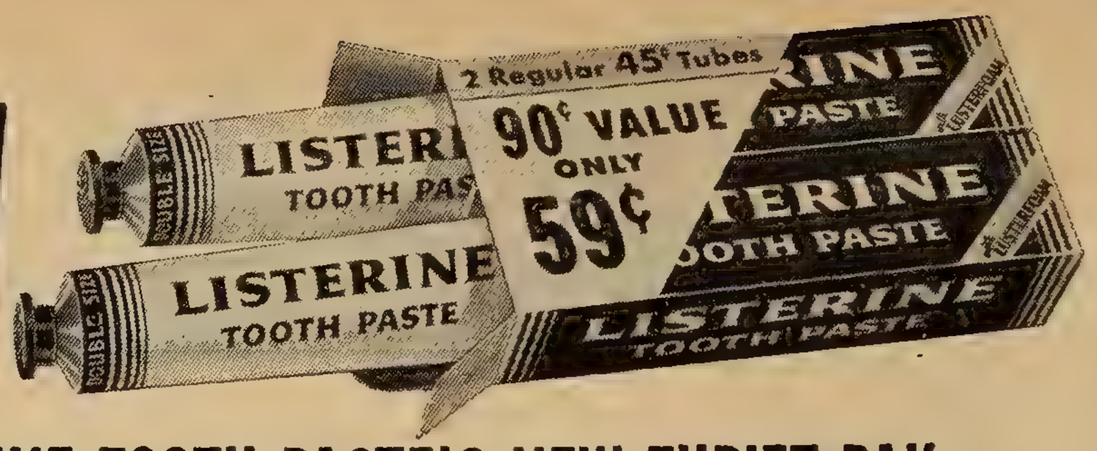
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to invade the neighborhood. A group of newshounds promptly drove out to Lana's house to determine what the hullabaloo was all about.

Cubby Broccoli, an actor's agent who'd accompanied the Toppings on their honeymoon to Europe, opened the front door. "What happened out here last night?" the reporters asked him. "We hear there was quite a fight, a real big rumpus. Is there going to be a divorce?"

Broccoli was visibly shocked by the word "divorce." "Tell you fellows what," he said politely. "I'll ask Lana and Bob, and I'll let you know."

Three minutes later Cubby was back at the door. "According to Bob," he announced, "nothing happened out here last night."

"According to the neighbors," one of the reporters offered, "plenty happened. Come on, give us a break. We have to work for a living."

"I'm telling you," Cubby insisted. "Nothing happened. Everything's okay. Why don't you forget about it?"

"We'd like to talk to Lana," someone said.

"Sorry," Broccoli said, "she's asleep."

"Okay, let us talk to Topping."

Such a procedure, Broccoli explained, was impossible. Mr. Topping was not the sort of person who discussed his personal life in public. Besides, nothing had happened in the first place.

While Cubby was protesting that all was serene in the Topping household, an MGM press representative drove up. He entered the house and promised to return with a statement that would satisfy their editors.

APPROXIMATELY 40 minutes later, he emerged with a statement which at first seemed a little silly, although Dr. John McDonald later corroborated the tale.

Lana—so the statement went—would be confined to her bed for several days because of strenuous Christmas shopping. It seems that while buying and carrying Christmas packages, she had strained her back, and aggravated an old injury which she had incurred while making *The Three Musketeers* in 1948.

The reporters wanted to know why Lana hadn't had her Christmas packages delivered instead of carrying them herself. They even tried to find out in what department store the injury had occurred, but they had no luck, and decided to investigate on their own.

Inside of six hours, the reporters came up with what they believed to be the truth, although the denials were long, loud, and vociferous.

Bob and Lana, it seems, had thrown a party the previous night for half-a-dozen friends. The party carried on to the early hours of the morning. After the guests had left, the Toppings prepared to retire.

"Pops," Lana reportedly said to her husband. "How about playing some of our songs?" ("Pops" is Lana's favorite nickname for Bob.)

Allegedly, Bob told Lana that he was in no mood for songs. Lana replied rather heatedly. Bob said something else. Tempers rose, and Lana, it is said, declared that she was leaving.

She raced out of the bedroom, but as she did, she slipped on the highly-waxed floor, landed on her back, and hurt it severely. Dr. McDonald was called, and it was he who confined her to bed.

Which of these versions you accept, or which one is the truth, makes small difference. The big point is that many people in Hollywood believe the second version. Hollywood is really a very small town, and it's impossible to keep a quarrel which takes place in a large home amply-staffed by servants quiet.

Of course stories like this are nothing new. They've been making the rounds for some time. In the telling, the settings are frequently changed. Lana and Bob are quibbling in Connecticut. They're seen arguing at the Stork Club in New York or outside the Mocambo in Hollywood.

People spread the vicious, untrue rumor that Topping is trying to manage Lana's career. Others say that Bob is disenchanted, that as far as he is concerned, her glamor quotient has decreased.

"I'll tell you how it is," a Hollywood veteran recently explained. "I was married to an actress once, a big star. I was taken in by all the glitter. Actresses seem very glamorous until you marry one. Then the glamor flies out the window. I'm not saying that's what's happening to Lana and Topping. Topping's no kid. He was married to another actress, Arline Judge, and he knows the score.

"With young Nicky Hilton it was different. He went around with Liz Taylor and thought she was the most glamorous thing alive. But glamor has nothing to do with a good marriage.

"For my money disenchantment is what brings on separations between husbands who aren't in motion pictures and actresses who are. If Lana and Topping ever separate, it won't be over career or money trouble.

"There are no children to hold their marriage together. She isn't dependent upon him for support, and they've both been married before. I've heard a lot of stories about their marriage wearing thin, but even so, those rumors may mean nothing.

"Anyway, I think it's a fine idea that Lana plans to leave town for a short vacation after she finishes work on a picture. Hollywood's a tough place to make a marriage work."

That Lana has definitely changed since her marriage to Topping there can be no doubt. She has achieved a dignity which borders on aloofness.

The gay bantering of the past, the wisecracks, the almost hedonistic philosophy seem to have been supplanted by a more matronly attitude.

Some people say that this is ample evidence of Lana's unhappiness. Lana herself denies this. She is certainly determined to make a success of her marriage. Topping likes deep-sea fishing, so Lana stopped making pictures for a year and went deep-sea fishing. Topping wanted a house of his own, so Lana moved out of mother's house and rented a mansion of her own. Topping thought he'd like to spend some of his honeymoon introducing midget auto racing to England. So Lana added her



HOW TIME FLIES!

■ Lana Turner is the most exciting girl in Hollywood today. Tomorrow, I prophesy, she'll be as talked about as Hedy Lamarr.—*October, 1939—Modern Screen.*

For the skin that doesn't like a **heavy** *foundation...*

This sheerer, greaseless base



If your skin feels "uncomfortable" in a heavy make-up, choose this *merest mist* of a base! Before powder, smooth on a thin veil of satiny, transparent Pond's Vanishing Cream. It *disappears* at once, leaving only a smoothing, *adherent* film. Never streaks. Never discolors. Pond's Vanishing Cream is the perfect base for a "particular" complexion. Just see how beautifully it takes powder—with a *completely natural*, soft-toned, translucent loveliness!



1-Minute Mask... instant glamour facial

Make your skin *glow* with enchanting springtime freshness! Before make-up, give yourself this magic 1-Minute Mask. Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish, cool cloak of Pond's Vanishing Cream. The Mask's "keratolytic" action loosens dirt and rough flakinesses that dull your skin. *Dissolves them off!* After just 1 minute, tissue the Mask off. You'll rejoice in your truly "re-styled" complexion —so much brighter, clearer, so beautifully smoothed for make-up!

Antonia Drexel Earle

"When I use lovely, sheer Pond's Vanishing Cream as a foundation for powder, my make-up goes on easily and always stays on *perfectly*," says Mrs. Earle.







glamorous presence to the sporty occasion.

If the Topping-Turner marriage goes on the rocks as the pessimists predict, it certainly won't be because the parties didn't try.

Yet, after three years of marriage, there have been no less than 330 stories to the effect that all is not well with Lana and Bob. Each quarrel has been magnified to monumental proportions. "It's almost been as if people didn't want the marriage to succeed," one producer recently pointed out. "In fact every day I hear a new story or a new reason why the marriage is unsuccessful. Why can't people let them alone?"

The reason, of course, is simple. You cannot be a public figure and retain your privacy.

"If she were genuinely happy," some gossip writers say, "she would invite the press into her home as she used to. Then there wouldn't be all these stories."

Hollywood history has proven that where there's smoke, there's fire. Almost all the divorcées you can name have denied that their marriages were shaky. Lana is probably no exception.

But if ever a girl deserved happiness, that girl is Lana Turner. For 15 years her love-life has been virtually a bed of thorns. It's time she enjoyed some of the roses. THE END

all about eden

(*Continued from page 44*) listened dutifully to all these dire warnings. Then they decided to enlarge the little cottage anyway. Their decision was based on the fact that they didn't know enough about architecture to build a completely new house.

"We were dumb," admits Anne, "but at least we knew it. Neither of us had had any experience reading blueprints. We didn't know a joist from a stud, so we figured it would be easier to visualize what we were getting if we just enlarged this existing house."

They hired a fine modern architect named John Lautner and with Mrs. Baxter's help, they went to work on the plans.

According to Anne's grandfather, any mistakes in a house should be made on paper and not with building materials. He is also in favor of people building homes that suit their individual ways of life and no one else's. He thinks home owners should put as much thought into the plans as the architect, if not more.

About this the Hodiaks were perfectly agreeable. In fact, they had so many personal requirements and pet ideas that Lautner had to draw up three complete sets of plans before he could work them all in.

"The plans took almost as long as the construction work," recalls John, "and it took nine months."

"Exactly nine months," echoes Anne. "That's why we call it our problem child."

AS WITH most problem children, the Hodiaks seem to love and appreciate their "new" home more than if it had been built in the conventional way. Sentiment aside, they have a right to be proud of it, for the Hodiak house is easily one of the most unusual and exciting places in Hollywood. What's more, it makes sense. Every feature was planned with a purpose and a sure sense of beauty.

Starting with the front entrance, the place is completely logical. The street view, for example, shows no sweeping driveway leading to an elaborate front door, but rather a simple double garage,

a rural mail box, and a high garden gate. Everything about the front of the house is designed for privacy and personal enjoyment, and not for ostentation or to make an impression.

The enlarged living room is so striking that it's breathtaking, but was not planned solely for decorative effect. Three specific purposes determined its style: reading, entertaining and quiet evenings alone in front of the fire.

This room is a step down from the entrance hall. Half of one wall, starting at the door, is a solid mass of book shelves. The shelves contain over a thousand volumes, and directly in front of them are two comfortable reading chairs. At a casual glance there's nothing to indicate why they're good for reading other than the fact that they look comfortable and are near the books. But concealed in the gold lacquered ceiling, directly over the chairs, are spotlights. These Wendel lights are so ingeniously placed that they throw light beams on the chairs.

THE entertainment features of the room are a lot more apparent.

"I kept worrying about the room being long enough," Anne says. "John and I used to come over every night after work and I'd make him stand at one end of the room while I stood at the other. Then I'd tell him to move further back so I could test the feel of the room. I didn't want it to seem cramped."

Regardless of dimensions, there's no danger of anyone suffering claustrophobia in the Hodiaks' living room, because the portion that opens onto the brick terrace is all glass. The casement windows beside the fireplace were enlarged so that the view of the city comes right into focus. And one wall was pushed right against the hillside and treated as an outdoor structure. It's made of field stone and planted along the top with indoor plants so that there's no sharp dividing line between the living room and the outdoor terrace.

A DECORATING trick also adds to the illusion of the interior merging with the exterior. Anne wanted plenty of comfortable seating in the room without filling up the floor space with a lot of big couches, so her mother, who planned the decorating, suggested that a permanent banquette be built following the curve of the stone wall. Rather than ending it inside the pane of glass, it continues onto the terrace. Mrs. Baxter upholstered the bench in an oatmeal-colored, handwoven, Dorothy Liebes fabric. She also used the same material outside but slip-covered it with a clear plastic to protect it from the dirt and weather.

"We're just waiting for the day," John says, "when some near-sighted friend tries to walk through the glass to get to the outdoor portion of the bench."

Other furniture pieces were also planned with parties in mind. For example, there's an overscale Robsjohn-Gibbings hassock in front of the curved bench for guests who like to perch. There's the concert grand piano for musical friends, and low-backed chairs that encourage people to linger without dividing the party up into isolated conversational groups. Dotted around the room are colorful square boxes that serve as end tables most of the time, and eating tables when the Hodiaks give a buffet supper party. Anne suggested these to her mother who, in turn, had a carpenter make them out of plywood and equipped with recessed handles so that they can be picked up and moved about the room. Mrs. Baxter also had them painted like children's blocks so that they form designs when piled together. These tables are so simple, and inexpensive, so

Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about

THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it must be for a mother to be able to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as* ZONITE.

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was *powerful* enough yet positively *non-irritating, non-poisonous.* You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

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practical, and decorative, that other decorators have copied the idea, which pleases Anne almost as much as her Oscar.

All this furniture is placed in a flexible arrangement. Anne swore that when she built a home she would never have a living room with a rigid seating plan. Too often she'd been at parties where she was caught in a corner with a bore and had to sweat out the balance of the evening because there was no way of gracefully shifting her position. This never happens at the Hodiak parties, which probably explains why the Hodiaks are such popular hosts in Hollywood.

Upstairs, of course, are the bedrooms and baths. The master bedroom is a cheerful yellow and white room with antique Chinese accessories. Except for the king-size bed, the room is furnished as a sitting room. There's a small couch, a couple of end tables, a free-form writing desk and several unique Chinese lamps. The lights for the bed, however, are the same Wendel spotlights used in the living room. These spots are so carefully planned that they just illuminate an area the size of a script. John likes to study his lines in bed. (Right now it's MGM's *People In Love.*) When he does, Anne goes to sleep without being disturbed by his light.

The only architectural changes in this room were the additional wardrobe closets for Anne. Unfortunately they had to be built into the room in order to provide the added storage space. To keep these closets from making the room seem too small, Anne and her mother put on shutters for doors. They also hung inside shutters on the windows instead of blinds or draperies. Now that she's lived with them, Anne is shutter-happy.

"In the first place, they look sort of oriental," she explains. "They mask any opening in an attractive way. They also let air circulate among my clothes."

The bath adjoining this room serves as Anne's dressing room. It's papered in a silver grass cloth, and along one wall is a mirrored vanity table that was once the dining room buffet. The crystal chandelier in here also came from the former dining room. When guests ask Anne why she keeps such dim lights in it, she loves to explain it's a professional necessity. She has to get up so early when she's working that she's never quite awake and a dim light is easier on her sleepy eyes.

John's dressing room and bath are at the end of a short hall. This hall looks as if it were lined with painted brick, but actually it's covered with a Katzenbach and Warren brick-type wallpaper, a decorating touch which makes a nice transition from silver grass cloth to John's masculine blue suite.

Besides his sport jackets, John keeps a day-bed, his collection of clowns, camera equipment and a wonderful desk in this room. The desk was designed by George Nelson and it's full of carefully engineered storage. There's a filing drawer, a well for a typewriter and loads of little pigeonholes. John is outspoken in his praise of the desk.

Over the garage is the guest room and bath. The furniture in this suite is far nicer than most guest rooms because it came from the living room of the original little cottage. The best feature of the room, however, is its location. It's off by itself, and insulated against the noise and bustle of the rest of the household. A guest can sleep till noon there. In fact, the word is out that the Hodiaks have the finest spare room in Southern California and the reservations are starting to literally pour in.

One guest Anne and John welcomed a few months ago with love and trepidation was Grandfather Wright. He made a tour of the house grunting and muttering, "This is good," "Not bad," and, "Darned foolishness." His final, overall comment was, "As long as you insisted on remodeling, you've done a good job. This is quite a dramatic house."

To which Anne replied, "But that's our business, Grandfather." And so, of course, it is.

THE END

the faith no one could teach me

(*Continued from page 37*) When I reached the Katz Advertising Agency, where I worked, I called my wife, Helen, on the phone.

"Helen," I said, "remember how I had to sit down and rest for 20 minutes after I played baseball last Sunday, and how I could dance only once around the floor on Saturday night and then began to breathe too hard? The same thing happened to me again today on my way to the office."

"You just sit there," Helen said, "and wait for me. I'll drive right down."

Helen was pregnant at the time, but it never occurred to her that she should spare herself. In about half an hour she had reached the office where I worked. Then she drove me to see Dr. James Cunnie, who had been looking after her.

He took my pulse—it was 132, though I had not been exerting myself in any way. Normal pulse would be 74. He looked quite grave as he said, "Well, Dan, you've strained your heart. You'll have to get right to bed, and rest in bed for at least a couple of weeks."

"A couple of weeks?" I asked incredulously. "Why should I need that much rest? There's never been anything wrong with my heart."

"Just the same you've strained it. You've been overworking, haven't you?"

I admitted that in my eagerness to get ahead, I'd gone after advertising with all the energy and vitality I had in me. I had poured everything I had into my work.

It was difficult to go to bed and do nothing, but I had no choice. The doctor told me frankly that if I didn't rest, I would be flirting with death.

So I went to bed and stayed there. Helen waited on me hand and foot. We were living on an upper floor then, so she had to run up and down constantly.

We were both following the doctor's orders literally, yet three days after I went to bed, a terrific pain developed in my left leg. The pain was so sharp and cruel that we called Dr. Cunnie again.

This time his face was even graver.

"Your heart," he said, "is not strong enough to pump blood through your system, so the blood refuses to go all the way through the system. A blood clot has developed. You'll just have to keep resting, and we'll hope that the blood clot doesn't move to a vital spot."

As I learned, blood clots do move. In a short time the sharp shooting pains in my left leg had moved to the right leg. Usually when a blood clot moves around the body that way, it hits the heart somewhere in its circuit—and you're a goner.

Dr. Cunnie knew how great the chances were that I would not come out of this particular experience alive. "It's a miracle,"



TELL your sisters and your cousins and your aunts about Tampax

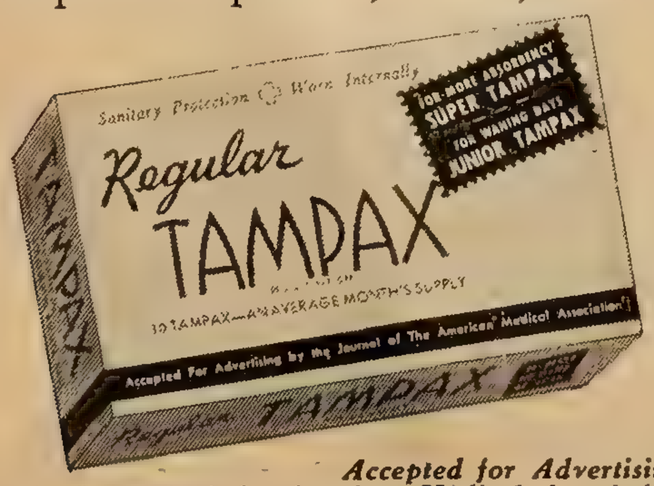


The story of Tampax monthly sanitary protection is filled with many promises—although Tampax itself is as simple as simple can be....You yourself may use Tampax because you are busy and active—or dainty and fastidious—or just sensible and practical. Remember that a woman can be attracted to Tampax for a great variety of reasons.

Tampax is an *internal absorbent* invented by a doctor. It eliminates belts, pins and outside pads. That is the essential advantage of Tampax and from it any number of advantages naturally follow. No binding, bulging or hampering restraint! No possibility of chafing or of "edge-lines" under slim dresses! No odor forms—and there is no need to remove for tub or shower!

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

Pure surgical cotton of high absorbency is compactly fitted into applicators, making insertion of the Tampax easy, and changing quick. Completely invisible in use. No trouble to dispose of. An average month's supply will slip into your purse. ...Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

he told me, "that the blood clot made this complete circuit of your body passing through your heart without fatal results."

My bout with heart trouble 16 years ago was the beginning of a miracle which completely transformed my life.

Today I have no sign of heart trouble. I can get all the insurance I want. Every six months I pass the required complete physical examination, although for ten years I was blacklisted by all insurance companies.

I regard my bout with a strained heart, and its effect on my life, as nothing short of miraculous. Not a day goes by but I give thanks to God for striking me down with an attack.

However, there was a time when things looked so dark and I was so miserable that I couldn't help wondering, "Why has God permitted all this to happen to Helen and myself? Why is Fate picking on us?"

I had been brought up in a church-going, God-fearing family. Every Sunday my mother sent me to Sunday school, where we watched colored religious slides and listened to stories from the Bible. As the minister told us of how Jesus walked on water and performed the miracles of the loaves and the fishes, healed the lepers and cured the blind, I wondered, "Could these things really have happened?" When I went home and asked my mother, she said, "Yes, they all could have happened, son, exactly as the minister described them."

STILL I continued to wonder. Perhaps, at times, I even wondered whether there was a God or not. It was not that my mind was filled with doubts; it was just that much of what I was taught in Sunday school was beyond the grasp of a child's mind, and filled me with wonderment.

I was never quite sure that there really is a divine power guiding our lives, till I personally went through the experience which taught me complete faith.

In this respect, I think I was like most people. Ask the average man if he believes in God, and he will say "Yes", but that is a different thing than going through an experience in which God's guidance reveals itself almost miraculously.

I have two boys, Pete, 11, and Dick, eight. If I were to tell Pete today that there was a person who walked on water, and that the sun stood still at the command of Joshua, and that the whale swallowed Jonah, and that the Red Sea rolled back at the command of Moses, I wonder if he would believe it?

I'm not comparing what happened to me to any of these major miracles. But so far as my own life is concerned, the whole sequence of tormenting events—eventually turned out to be practically a miracle.

You see, I had always wanted to be an actor. But my father had pointed out quite sensibly that it is very hard to earn a living as an actor. Therefore, he had suggested that if I wanted to get married and raise a family, I'd better go in for something at which I could earn a steady buck.

That's what I had done. That's why I was pounding the pavements selling advertising space.

Then came my heart strain. Instead of lasting a couple of weeks, as the doctor had originally suggested it might, it dragged on for months. Each day of that time Helen climbed those steps for me. Then one midnight, she shook me gently awake. "Dan," she said, "I've got to get to the hospital."

I had been lying in bed for almost three months. All that time Helen had done everything she could for me. I dragged myself out of bed on trembling legs, and drove her to the hospital.

The nurses later told me that when we got to the hospital, they wondered who was the patient—Helen or I. They got her to the delivery room and then I collapsed on a couch outside.

When it was all over, the doctor came into the room where I sat, my face mirroring my anxiety.

"Helen will be all right," he said.

"And the baby?" I asked.

"The baby," he said, "is dead. It was dead when we reached it. In this particular case, there was one chance in a thousand that such a thing might happen. I'm sorry, Dan, that it had to happen to you and Helen."

Rebellious thoughts crowded my mind. It was at this moment that I thought, "Why is God picking on us?"

WHAT hurt most was the thought that possibly Helen's taking care of me during my illness was partly responsible.

It was bad enough that the baby was dead. Why should a kind God have visited one trouble after another on Helen and me?

WAS HIS FACE RED

■ Because Dick Widmark didn't want the competition of western stars in his home, he banned television. But once, curious about Hopalong's popularity, he rented one of his films and waited to show it until his daughter was almost asleep. One day, after he took her to see his latest film, the director asked Ann how she liked her father. "He's all right," Ann said kindly, "but Hopalong's a lot better."—*Kolma Flake.*

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Few human beings are wise enough to understand and accept what happens unquestioningly. In this dark moment, I almost lost faith.

The future looked dark, desperate, and uncertain. I had been out of work for almost three months. My wonderful boss had continued to pay my salary, but I couldn't expect him to go on doing that forever.

In ten days Helen was out of the hospital. But we seemed to be faced with an almost insoluble problem. I wasn't sure if I could ever go back to work. The doctor said, "Perhaps, if you go back to work, everything will be all right. But your job is very strenuous. I'll be frank with you. You need more rest, Dan. You should go out to the beach in Florida and lie in the sun most of the day. If you don't take this additional rest now, you may have another heart attack."

I WENT to my boss and told him the story. "That's all right, Dan," he said. "Go to Florida. I'll keep you on at half salary. When you're completely better, you can decide what you want to do."

My boss was George R. Katz—a fine man. Whenever I go East, I look him up. He's part of the miracle of what happened to me, a wonderful guy and a great friend.

My wife and I drove toward Clearwater, Florida. Along the way, people told us that it was no use looking for a place in Clearwater—the rents were sky high. We thought we'd see for ourselves.

A block away from the beach at Clearwater we came to a frame shack. Outside it was a sign which said, "For rent. $25 a month." We had ten dollars left. I knocked at the door, and asked for the owner.

"That's me," said the man who opened the door.

"Well," I said, "we'll take this place if you can let us have it for $20. I'll pay you $10 now, and $10 next week."

Under ordinary circumstances, perhaps he would have turned us down. Even though the place was a broken-down shack with no windows, just screens, he could have gotten $25 for it, if he'd held out for another tenant, but he took the $10.

We stayed at the beach for about six months, and at the end of that time I felt strong and energetic again.

Still, I didn't know for sure whether I could go back to work in the advertising business or not. I tried it for a week, and I knew that if I kept on, I might have to repeat the tortuous experience I'd already been through. When I talked the matter over with Mr. Katz, he said, "You'd better get out of this business."

I talked to my dramatic coach at Cornell University, Alexander M. Drummond. I told him how I'd always wanted to be an actor and how my father had talked me out of it.

"He was right, Dan," Mr. Drummond said. "Don't try to become a professional actor. The chances are all against you."

When I told Helen about all this, she said, "Dan, do whatever you think best. Whatever you decide to do, I'm with you every step of the way."

WE moved to the country outside New York City. I figured that I could go to New York three times a week to look for a job in the theater. If I were lucky enough to land one, it would be for evenings only. Then I could spend all day in the sun.

I tried every way I knew to get a job. I pounded the pavements almost as hard as when I'd been looking for people to buy advertising space. I wrote dozens of letters. In each letter I asked for an interview.

I tried pull, too. I was not passing up anything. And in the end—let's be honest about it—it was pull that got me my first job in the theater.

I knew Sidney Kingsley, the playwright. I met him one day, and told him I was looking for a job. He had written the play *Dead End,* and he sent me to the manager to ask for a walk-on part.

I was such a babe in the woods about the theater that the moment I knew I had the walk-on part at $40 a week, I signed a year's lease on an apartment in White Plains. If I had been more familiar with the percentage of flop plays that open on Broadway, I wouldn't have dared sign that lease. But *Dead End* ran for 84 weeks.

It was during this amazingly successful run that I began to reflect on the chain of events which had led to *Dead End,* the beginning of a bright new street for me.

It occurred to me then that God had struck me down when I was doing work for which I wasn't intended, in order to make me get into the field in which I should have been all along. He was guiding me through all these experiences.

My wife and I say our prayers on our knees with our two children every night. We thank Him every day of our lives for what He has done for us. My sons go to Sunday school, as I did. Maybe they'll think some of the things they hear about are incredible, but looking back on those things in later life, perhaps they'll find, after their own personal experiences, that they're not really so incredible.

I've gone to church many, many times, yet I don't believe it's necessary to seek God in church. I belong to no special church. Mine is the story of a man who almost lost his faith, and got it back through a personal experience. All the religious sermons a minister could preach would never convince me as much as this personal experience did. But I have gone to churches in every city in which I have lived, seeking ministers whose sermons would be intelligent and inspirational.

We live a quiet life today. Recently we bought a home at Lake Arrowhead. At night I sometimes go out by myself to see if our boats are still moored correctly. Then I stand there and look around at the beauty of the lake and the woods in the moonlight.

The miracles of God are everywhere. The faith I almost lost in my darkest hour now sings a happy blessing in my heart.

THE END

(*Dan Duryea can be seen in Columbia's* Al Jennings of Oklahoma.)

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For full details see the March issue **Modern Screen.**

the bing crosby story

(*Continued from page 31*) constant activity. Always an introvert, Bing has become even less demonstrative as he has grown older. It has been said that Bing never reveals his total personality to anyone, not even to his closest friends. As a result, some say that music is the dominant influence in his life; others are willing to swear that athletics occupy most of his attention.

To the policeman on the DeMille gate at Paramount, Bing presents a habitually cheerful exterior. Invariably, the radio in his green Cadillac convertible coupe is booming at band-concert volume, and Bing is whistling a brisk accompaniment as he drives onto the lot.

Bing submits to makeup patiently, talking spiritedly to Wally Westmore about last night's baseball game, a TV program, or the recent happenings on his radio show. Bing stopped wearing a complete makeup in 1930. Now Wally applies only enough cake makeup to cover Bing's beard and then brings out the hairpiece, which Bing disparagingly refers to as "my mucket" or "my divot."

Bing does not pay much attention to the selection of his wardrobe, probably due to the fact that he is almost totally colorblind. Some years ago, a wardrobe man handed him a book of cloth samples and asked him to pick out six fabrics to be made up into slacks for his next picture. Bing chose a ghastly array of mustard, salmon, beige, green, and blue. The wardrobe man substituted six less riotous colors, and Bing never knew the difference.

By the time Bing arrives on the set, he knows all of his lines. He has a photographic memory and can learn whole pages of dialogue with two or three hurried readings. This happy faculty also applies when it comes to learning a new song. According to Joe Lilly, who does the arrangements for all Crosby musicals, Bing has the "fastest ear" in show business. "Giving Bing an arrangement is just like playing it to a tape recorder," Joe says. "One time, and it comes back at you exactly the way you put it on there."

Bing's recording sessions usually are his first activity on every picture. He prefers to do his singing as early as possible in the morning, when his voice is rested and powerful. Bing talks right up to the downbeat, which puts the Paramount soundmen into a state of frenzy. Although he has come close, Bing has never missed his cue. Most of the engineers' difficulties occur when Bing is recording a duet with his leading lady in the soundproof vocal booth. If the lady is not accustomed to recording with Crosby, invariably she will still be laughing at one of his jokes when their cue to begin singing is given. During the last *Road* picture, one of the song numbers which included Olga San Juan and Mary Hatcher almost missed being recorded. The orchestra ran through 14 takes before Olga and Mary could get beyond the introduction without giggling. Bing and Bob Hope were tickling them.

When he is recording a solo number, Bing looks on the vocal booth, which he calls the "maison de la pooch" with extreme loathing.

"Get me out there with the rhythm section," he will complain, after singing one number in the booth.

Joe Lilly, who conducts the recording sessions, has worked with Bing since 1940 and is as acquainted with his singing habits as anyone in the music business.

"Bing is the easiest singer in the world to write an arrangement for," Joe says. "He has a normal singing range of nearly an octave and a half, and there isn't a note that he cannot hit within it. I used to tell him that with one more octave, he'd be a piano. And Bing is not restricted to any one singing style. For *Mr. Music*, I wrote a duet finale for Bing to sing with Dorothy Kirsten—in operatic baritone range. Under Bing's part, I simply wrote, 'Belt it!' He almost knocked the soundman off his chair."

It is this ability to handle really difficult passages which has caused many operatic singers, including Dorothy Kirsten, to comment with amazement upon Bing's tremendous power and range as a baritone. It is also the faculty which caused his younger brother Bob to declare, several years ago, that he had been making a living off Bing's middle register for years.

During the past three months, Bing has been occupied with the production of *Here Comes the Groom*, in which he will have Jane Wyman as his leading lady. While rehearsing the elaborate dance number which they do together, Bing suddenly slumped to the floor. "Wait a minute," he wearily commented to Jane, "this dance routine was made for a younger type fellow."

Jane sings a duet with Bing in *Here Comes the Groom*, in which the accompanying action is very complicated and difficult to photograph. Jane and Bing ran through it an exhausting number of times without getting a usable print. As the all-too-familiar music signaled the start of the 31st take, Bing put his hand to his ear and said to Jane, "Listen, darling. They're playing *our* song!"

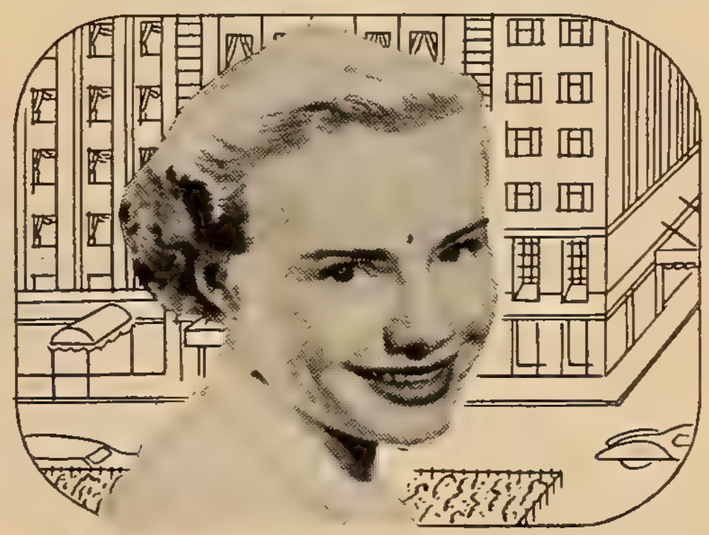
On the set, Bing is never too busy to chat with visitors, particularly when they

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are representatives from the world of sports. Last year when the Notre Dame football team came west to play U. S. C., Bing invited them all out to the studio for lunch, and spent nearly an hour posing for individual pictures with each player.

Most of the details of Bing's busy life at the studio are efficiently attended to by Leo Linde, who was his stand-in until 1946, when a heart-attack forced Leo into lighter work. A fellow classmate at Gonzaga, Leo has been with Bing since 1934, and will be with him as long as he wants a job. He takes Bing's calls on the set, handles his clothes, and once a day drives out to the Crosby Building on Sunset Boulevard to pick up Bing's mail and to leave his dictaphone records for transcription. Leo has always been impressed by Bing's casual and easy-going manner, which is in sharp contrast to Leo's previous employment as valet to the English actor, Clive Brook, who kept 13 clocks set with the exact time and required Leo to address him as "Sir."

After 18 years, Bing is almost as familiar a figure on the Paramount lot as Cecil B. DeMille, who came with the lease. It is a common sight to see Bing pumping along on his bicycle, which is usually decorated with a sign reading: "Creepalong Crosby, Top Hand, Q Ranch, Wild Horse, Nevada." (Recently there's been a new sign reading "Mr. Music—Who Needs Him?" Bing dictated the words to a sign painter.)

Except when he is tied up with business in his dressing room, Bing has lunch with the cast in the main dining room. He either eats the standard diet luncheon on the menu, or leaves the selection up to Pauline Kessinger, the commissary manager. Bing eats sensibly, stays away from starches, and shows a marked preference for spinach, peas, and green beans.

"In all the years we've been serving Bing," says Mrs. Kessinger, "we've never had an order sent back, nor had a single complaint about the food from him."

At four c'clock each day, Mrs. Kessinger sends a pot of orange pekoe tea and two slices of whole wheat toast over to Bing's dressing room on the set. He used to be an inveterate fruit eater who would munch on several apples and oranges every day, but recently, he discovered from his doctor that the old adage of "an apple a day" does not apply in his case. They give him indigestion.

Bing occasionally presents Mrs. Kessinger with a problem which calls for great imagination and enterprise. One such occasion arose during the war when Bing invited 400 sailors from a ship docked at San Pedro to have lunch with him, and the boys brought their sea-going appetites with them. During the fall months, Bing will frequently receive a shipment of pheasants, grouse, or trout from a friend in Idaho. He asks Mrs. Kessinger how many the spread will feed, and then invites that many from his crew for dinner.

It is common knowledge at Paramount that Bing usually starts a picture shortly before Christmas, so the extras and part-time grips can earn some money before the holidays. He also evidences an admirable devotion to his friends. In 1940, when Bing made *Rhythm on the River*, he prevailed upon Wingy Manone, a New Orleans trumpet player of his acquaintance, to play several jazz numbers in the picture. Wingy, who idolizes Bing, presented a problem when it was discovered that he couldn't read the elaborate orchestration. For two and a half hours, Wingy tried to pick it up by ear, and when it was finally suggested to Bing that maybe another musician should play the part, he replied, "No, he's a real musician. It would break his heart." Finally, lunch time came and, as the last musician filed out, he looked

back and saw Bing behind some scenery working with Wingy. "Now, try this break," Bing was saying, and proceeded to sing it. When the band came back from lunch, Wingy had the number down pat, with a few tricky riffs thrown in.

Authentic jazzmen like Wingy Manone also find a welcome haven on the weekly Bing Crosby radio show, which originates from the CBS studios in Hollywood each Wednesday. Musically, Bing finds himself completely at home in the company of Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Joe Venuti, and other such immortals of jazz music. Somehow Bing's most memorable shows are always built around these people, and Bing himself seems to be sparked by their presence. In the language of Joe Venuti, another admirer of Bing's, the answer is simple.

"Some people think of Bing as a torch singer," he says. "But he is the greatest jazz singer in the world. Sure, there are a lot of other good singers. But let them prove themselves for 20 years before they start standing up alongside of Bing."

Bing's longtime association with the nation's greatest jazz musicians is in large part responsible for the polished mixture of erudition and jive talk that makes up the pattern of his unusual speech.

"Bing talks like a Harvard English professor who has just returned from a slow walk through Harlem," a friend says.

When Bing is not entertaining the elite of jazz music on his show, he sticks close to the lackadaisical, conversational formula which has been his trademark on radio for 18 years.

As a comedian, Bing presents a more difficult script problem than most radio performers. "With Benny's show, for instance, you have all of those characters working for you," says Bill Morrow, his writer. "But Bing is such a definite personality, you can't use a lot of funny stuff because it just doesn't fit Bing's style."

Bing's own style of humor is best understood when compared with that of his old friend and running mate, Bob Hope. The peculiar blend of their talents has brought thousands of laughs to the people of America. Their famous *Road* pictures, of which another is now in preparation, their radio banter, and their running battle on the golf course, have brought repartee back into vogue as a form of humor.

THE combination of Hope and Crosby has the simplest formula of any comedy team in America. They simply stand on opposite sides of the microphone and throw insults at one another. Take, for example, this heated portion of the "Bingsday" broadcast of the Crosby show:

HOPE: Hello, Bing. I mean Mr. Music.

BING: Yep, that's my new moniker. How'd you feel when you heard I changed my name?

HOPE: Like Glenn McCarthy felt when his daughter changed hers. . . . This whole thing burns me up. I've heard of Book-of-the-Month; now they start a new thing—Schnook-of-the-Month.

BING: Just a gimmick to make the public Crosby-conscious.

HOPE: Fine! The public is "Crosby-conscious"—and Crosby is unconscious!

BING: Robert, you're really rolling.

HOPE: Well, why don't you get in the act, Cagey, instead of laying back and getting all the sympathy.

BING: No, this has been such a big day for me I can afford to be generous. . . . It's a pleasure to just stand here while you blow your top.

HOPE: At least I've got a top to blow.

BING: I wish you'd blow some of it my way—on second thought, why don't you just blow.

HOPE: That's a fine way to talk to a guest. . . . I might have known this January Jamboree would go to your *heads*.

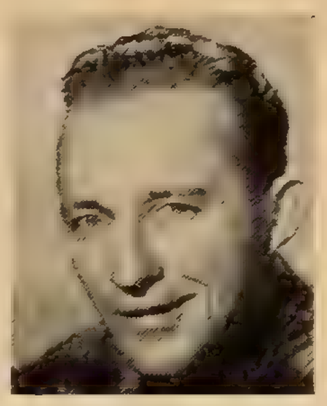
BING: It's quite an honor—but after all, they have Be-Kind-to-Animals Week, Prune Week, Doughnut Week—even the apple gets a week.

HOPE: That's what gripes me—an apple only gets a week and the worm gets a whole month.

BING: Bob, why don't you go someplace and have a good cry?

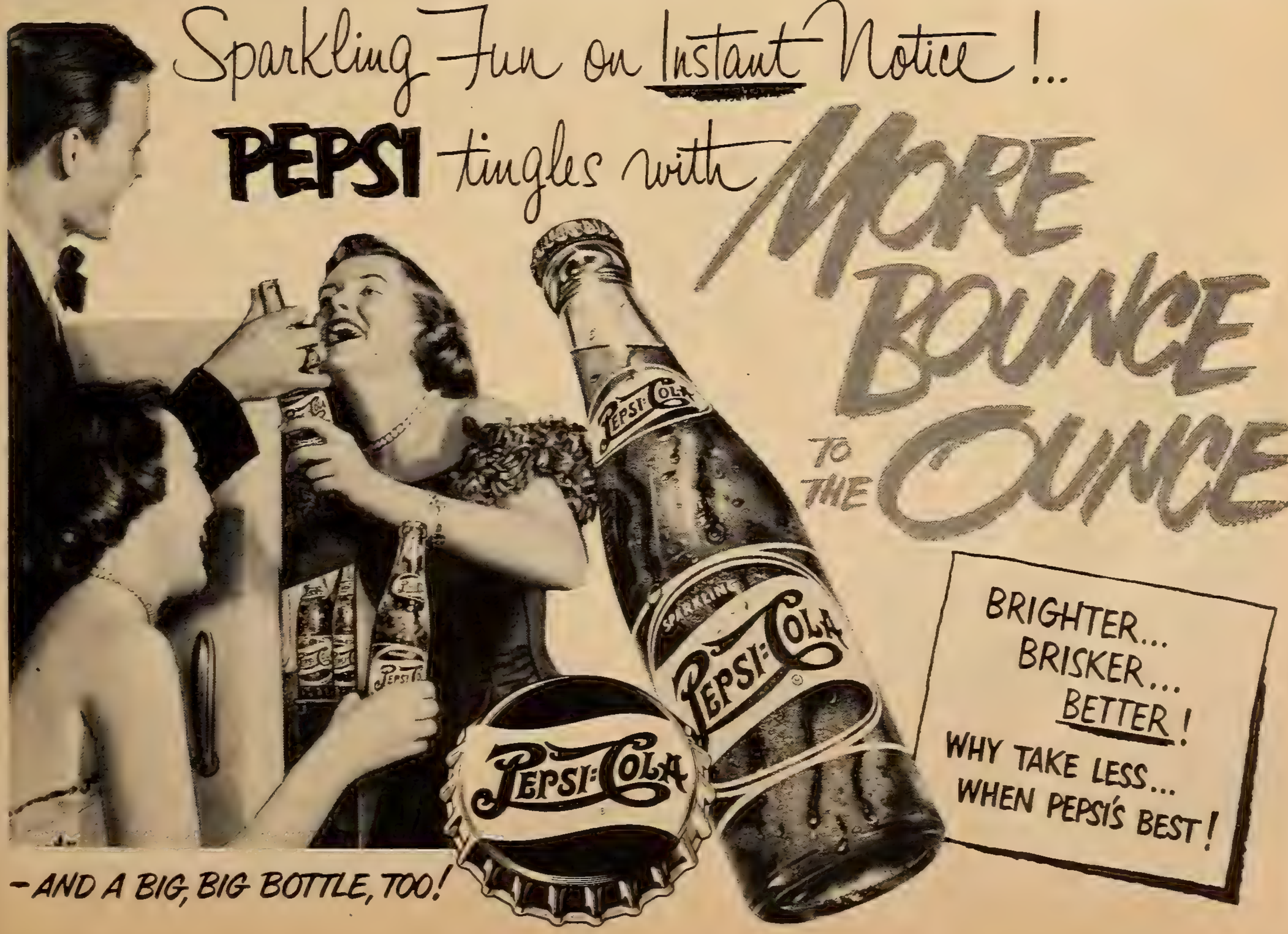
HOPE: Well, I have a right to feel disappointed. Look at all the years I've been entertaining. Don't you think I should get a month?

I SAW IT HAPPEN



One afternoon while I was waiting for a bus, I noticed a shabbily dressed man peddling a bicycle on the sidewalk. He looked as if he needed a handout! At this point, he dashed by me, winked gaily, and grinned. I gasped in astonishment—it was Bing Crosby, taking a minute off from his work on stage out at the studios to jaunt around the block on his bike!

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BING: You should get life.
HOPE: How can you mention *life* on this program.
BING: Don't feel so bad, Bob—maybe your fans will give you a day.
HOPE: I'm young enough for them to give me a *night*. . . . This *twentieth* anniversary of yours kills me . . . only 20 years in the business? How many decades did you chop off? (Etc., etc.)

Some of the brightest portions of Bing's current season's schedule have been the appearances of the Firehouse Five Plus Two, a highly individual jazz band made up of Walt Disney artists and writers who began playing jazz music as a hobby. Bing discovered this group last year, when the boys were invited by brother Larry to play for the Victory dinner at Bing's Pebble Beach Golf Tournament. The Firehouse Five have since appeared on the radio show five times.

Bing's singing with the group has drawn a tremendous flood of fan mail, most of which makes the point that he sounds more youthful with them. According to Ward Kimball, Firechief and trombone player, this is actually the case.

"We play in a higher key than most of Bing's current arrangements," he explains, "so he sings like he used to long ago."

During the twenties and early thirties, it was customary for musical arrangers to ask a singer what his high note was, and then write his arrangement to fit below it. All of Bing's early songs were fashioned around his top note. But in 1936, when John Scott Trotter, who is now the musical director of the Crosby show, first began writing arrangements for Bing, he set out to discover what Bing's low note was. Today, Bing sings in the range which is most comfortable for him, which is roughly from G to C.

The people who are fortunate enough to get seats during Bing's recording sessions at CBS see him as he really is. Invariably, he wears one of the flamboyant sport shirts which have become his trademark. Seldom does he wear "his hair," although he usually hides its absence under a jaunty Tyrolean hat or a sporty golf cap. Except for his own sessions before the mike, he spends most of the show comfortably perched on a high kitchen stool, humming to himself while his guests perform their numbers. As he finishes with each page of script, he lets it float casually to the floor. More often than not, he chews gum, which he rolls under his tongue when he gets up to sing his song. Unless there is business to detain him. Bing is the first

easy money!

They say that the love of money is the root of all evil, but nevertheless we'd love to send you something to start rootin' about. Just read all the stories in this issue and fill out the questionnaire below—carefully. Then send it to us with all possible haste, because we're giving away (for free!) 100 one-dollar bills to the first 100 people we hear from. So why not get started—right now!

QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in our April issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Christopher Kane's Movie Reviews
- ☐ Piper Laurie—Your Hollywood Shopper for April
- ☐ What Happened to Lana's Marriage? (Lana Turner)
- ☐ The Bing Crosby Story
- ☐ Never Lost A Father (June Allyson-Dick Powell)
- ☐ It's A Marshmallow Whirl (Vera-Ellen, Rock Hudson, Dick Long, Peggy Dow)
- ☐ The Faith No One Could Teach Me by Dan Duryea
- ☐ Hollywood's Ten Best Citizens
- ☐ Second Heartbreak (Barbara Stanwyck)
- ☐ All About Eden (Anne Baxter-John Hodiak)
- ☐ A Psychologist Looks at Liz Taylor
- ☐ And An Ex-Sweetheart Looks Back (Peter Lawford)
- ☐ They Took Their Love to Las Vegas
- ☐ The Real Victims of Hollywood Love
- ☐ Charting Hollywood Love
- ☐ Hutton Hits Michigan (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Tell It to Joan (Joan Evans)

Which of the stories did you like LEAST?
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

What MALE star do you like least?
. . . . . .

What FEMALE star do you like least?
. . . . . .

My name is. . . . . .
. . . . . .

My address is. . . . . .
. . . . . .

City. . . . . Zone. . . . . .
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person out of the studio. He hurries to the parking lot, waves at the autograph seekers at the gate, and drives home.

This year, Bing probably will originate more of his shows from army camps, principally from sprawling Fort Ord, which is 12 miles from Bing's home on the Monterey Peninsula. Bing has always received a great personal lift from entertaining servicemen. During his most recent appearance at Fort Ord, he confidentially told his appreciative Army audience, "It's almost a shame to take Chesterfield's money for doing a show like this."

As the nation's leading recording artist, Bing Crosby is the keystone of the Decca Record Company. Many of Bing's popular numbers have cleared the 1,000,000 mark, including last year's "Sam's Song," which introduced his 17-year-old son, Gary. All of his boys appeared with Bing on "A Christmas Carol," a medley of three Johnny Burke-Jimmy Van Heusen songs, which has already sold nearly 600,000 and probably will get a large sale again next Christmas.

Bing averages between 30 and 40 new recordings each year, of which approximately one third are songs from his motion pictures. The remainder is made up of current hit songs and old tunes which are enjoying a new vogue. Each recording is supervised by Joe Perry, who has worked with Bing since 1931.

"Of all the artists I have worked with in 20 odd years," says Perry, "Bing is the easiest and fastest to make records with."

Bing probably holds the record for the fastest disc session of all time on his famous version of "Please," which was made while Bing was appearing at the RKO Pantages Theater in San Francisco. Bing ran out of the theater into a waiting cab, drove to the Decca offices on Mission Street, rode up three floors to the recording studio, made the record with Eddie Lang and Anson Weeks' orchestra, then hurried back to the theater. Time elapsed: one and a half hours.

"Please" was one of Crosby's most popular records. As with dozens of his songs, Bing's inherent sense of phrasing gave it the unique Crosby stamp, hurry or no hurry.

Bing has the approval of all the songs which he records for Decca, and he will refuse to do any song that he doesn't like. He particularly dislikes love songs which have a mawkish melody or an oversentimental lyric, and that, perhaps more than anything else, is the reason for the great success of Johnny Burke and Jimmy Van Heusen, who write the majority of Bing's songs for motion pictures.

"When we do a song, people don't say that it's a typical Burke-Van Heusen song," says Johnny Burke, who has been associated with the Old Groaner since 1936. "Instead, they say it's a typical *Crosby* song. We're proud of that."

Few people realize how closely the songs which Bing has sung are patterned after his own, very individual personality.

"When Bing makes love with a song, he wants to do it in the same imaginative, casual way he would talk to his kids, or to a friend," says Burke. "In his songs, he never goes overboard for a girl, or drips with sentiment. In every Crosby picture there is at least one song which presents Bing as a guy without a tie, who is completely at ease, and enjoying himself as most people would like to enjoy themselves. Songs like 'Pennies from Heaven,' 'I Haven't Time to Be a Millionaire,' and 'I've Got a Pocketful of Dreams.' They are songs that instantly make you think of Bing."

Johnny Burke first came out from New

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York to write songs for *Pennies from Heaven* and arrived at Paramount while Bing was making *Rhythm on the Range.* They briefly exchanged greetings and Johnny went to work immediately writing the love song with Arthur Johnston. The number was "And So Do I."

"I'll never forget the day that Arthur and I went out to the set to play the song for Bing. He was wearing a cowboy outfit, and he followed us over to the piano in the corner of the sound stage. Arthur played the piano and I sang, scared half to death. When I finished, there was a moment of awful silence, before Bing said, 'Why, Johnny, that's *poetry.*' Then he turned and walked away. He never did say whether he liked it or not, but those were the sweetest words I'd ever heard."

When Burke and Van Heusen joined forces in 1940, it was the beginning of an ideal marriage of words and music.

"I'll never forget the first time Bing turned down one of my songs," Burke says. "It happened when he was making *If I Had My Way* at Universal. The director felt the score needed another ballad, a typical ballad. I took a ballad named 'Only Forever' over to the studio and played it for Bing, the script writer, the director, the head of the studio, and several others. When I finished, they all looked at Bing. Someone asked him, 'What do you think?' 'I don't know,' he said, looking unhappy. 'We don't really need a song like that.' 'That's what I thought,' said the studio head. 'Let's forget it.' I felt horrible. It was the first time in ten years Bing had turned down a song of ours. Then, on the way out, Bing stopped me and, lowering his voice, said, 'That song's terrific, but they don't need it. Let's save it for the next show.' So it went into *Rhythm on the River* and was a big hit."

Nearly ten years ago, Bing Crosby was accounted one of the wealthiest men in show business. Today that opinion is an established fact. By virtue of his business acumen alone, Bing Crosby is the success story of our entire generation.

For many years, Bing's annual gross income from records, radio, and films, has been estimated at more than $1,000,000. But in addition to this Bing derives a large part of his income from a heavily-producing oil field in Scurry County, Texas. He also is associated with the Union Oil Company and the Doheny family in other Texas oil leases. He owns a

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20,000 acre cattle ranch near Elko, Nevada, and a part interest in another cattle ranch in the Argentine. His real estate holdings include the modern three-story Crosby Building on the Sunset Strip, co-ownership of the Binglin Stables, which currently has 12 horses in training at Santa Anita, and more than 50 more in breeding stock and yearlings. He owns considerable stock in "Minute Maid" frozen orange juice concentrate. He also owns what he refers to as a "talking interest" in the Los Angeles Rams football team, the Hollywood stars baseball team, and the Pittsburgh Pirates.

In addition, Bing has an interest, with his boys, in Crosby Enterprises, Inc., and the Crosby Research Foundation. The latter was established during the war to encourage the development of products vital to the war effort. The Research Foundation shares in the profits of many items which it helped to place on the market, including a burn remedy named Hydrosulphosol now in use in Korea; the Breathalator, which effectively minimizes bad breath; the Shavex, a solenoid which converts electric razors from AC to DC current; transparent plastic raincoats; Dentacake, a traveling kit of toothpaste and brush; the Colby pocket lighter; a fire exit lock that precludes fire disasters; a nylon dip which makes it possible to wash nylons and woolens in cold water; and numerous other products.

Since 1933, the majority of Bing's vast business interests have been managed by John O'Melveny.

"Since the beginning of our relationship, Bing has had complete confidence in me," says O'Melveny. "I have a tremendous amount of responsibility entrusted to me in holding his power of attorney. Some weeks I sign more papers than most people sign in a year. I don't think he even bothers to look at the legal documents I send him."

For a number of years, O'Melveny has been the appointed guardian of the four Crosby boys, whose business accounts he runs under the authority of the Superior Court. At present it is estimated that the boys are worth the following:

Gary, $194,157; Philip, $193,854; Dennis, $193,830; and Lindsay, $198,355. But until they are of age, they will continue to earn their spending money by working during the summer months as cowhands on the ranch at Elko, Nevada.

"BING'S earning power didn't amount to much when he was a romantic lover type," says O'Melveny. "But it will continue to grow from now on in direct proportion to the people's love of the characteristics that he is now able to reveal on the screen . . . those of an amiable, well-balanced human being . . . in short, those of his own personality."

In recent years, many people have wondered when Bing would get tired of his busy schedule and call it a day. If he had been unable to record his radio show, Bing undoubtedly would have dropped that confining phase of his activities long ago. Shortly before making *Going My Way,* he told a friend, "When he is past 40, any man in show business should begin to realize that he's through. I don't believe I can do any more pictures that people would believe me in." Since then, however, he has been the top box-office attraction at his studio. As for singing, Bing will never stop. As an old friend of his salad days recently put it.

"Bing quit singing? Why, that man will still have the best beat in the world when he's a hundred years old."

(This penetrating analysis of Bing Crosby's life will be concluded in the May issue of MODERN SCREEN.)

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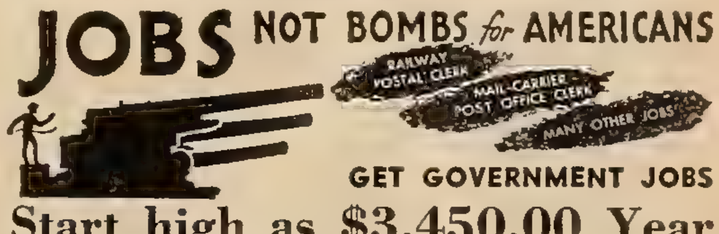
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Don't be HALF-SAFE



by VALDA SHERMAN

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it's a marshmallow whirl

(*Continued from page 36*) Naturally, they were both wrong. Ralph's solution was simply to erase the pig. Peggy and Dick then found themselves seated at a very unusual table. A wood slat rose perpendicularly from it. Attached to the slat was a string and to the string an apple.

"The first to take a bite out of the apple wins," Ralph told them.

Barbara brought out blindfolds and football helmets. Peggy and Dick put them on and went after the apple. Being blindfolded, they obviously couldn't tell that Ralph was eating the apple, himself.

"You're next," said Ralph to me.

"Me?" I questioned. "I'm on my way to help Barbara with the coffee cups."

"Okay, bring back a peanut butter sandwich," he said, which seemed simple enough, but worried me for a while.

When I returned he was quizzing Rock and Vera-Ellen. "How many wives does the prayer book allow for each man?"

"One," said Vera-Ellen.

Ralph disagreed. "Sixteen," he told them. "Four richer, four poorer, four better, four worse."

And with that, he reached for the sandwich I was holding. Anyone, he claimed, could sing *Carmen.* However, few folks could warble and eat a peanut butter sandwich at the same time . . . a bite after every line. Vera-Ellen and Rock nearly choked proving it could be done the hard way.

"Contestants?" Ralph said, and Peggy and Dick stepped up. "Who is the only person President Truman must take his hat off to?" he asked.

"A king?" Dick asked, perplexed.

"A lady," Peggy said.

"His barber," Ralph returned. "Leave us try the marshmallow on a string game."

This, as you can see, is where the marshmallow I told you about came in. Ralph ran a string through the marshmallow. One end of the string went to Peggy. The other to Dick. They were supposed to chew their way to the marshmallow. No hands. Tough work—but they did it.

"How about one consequence for all of us?" Vera-Ellen requested.

"Okay," said Ralph. "Answer this: "There are three glasses on a shelf. Two are filled with champagne. One is empty. What king does this remind you of?"

Silence. Ralph finally answered the question true to form. "Phillip Third," he said.

As a consequence, Mr. Rock and Mr. Richard were told to whip up Easter bonnets for their girls. Ralph and Barbara raided the kitchen for materials. They came back with pots, pans, egg beaters, strainers, celery, carrots, and string. Rock and Dick worked and worked and obviously didn't exactly know what they were doing. Peggy sat very still and nibbled on a piece of celery. "That goes on your head," Dick reminded her. As a finishing touch Dick stuck a price tag on her forehead.

Naturally, by this time we'd worked up an appetite, but the Edwards were prepared. Brown Derby chef, Robert Kries, had sent over stacks of food.

Before we knew it, the clock was striking a very unreasonable hour, and I had a confession to make before I left. "Ralph . . . Barbara . . ." I stammered. "I had a lovely time. And . . . Ralph, I'm sorry I tried to trip you at the broadcast."

"Poor girl," he said sympathetically. "You did want to go to someplace like the Taj Mahal, didn't you?"

"I'll settle for the Edwards' house anytime," I replied. And I meant it.

THE END

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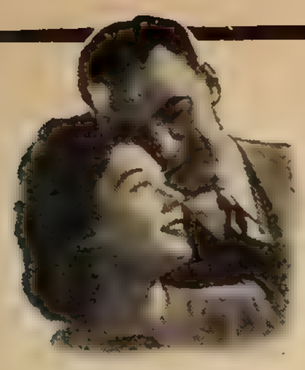
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a psychologist looks at liz taylor

(*Continued from page 49*) It was a slow day, so I proceeded to explain. But as I spoke, it became obvious to me that my nurse didn't share my beliefs. She was completely convinced that Elizabeth and Nicky would be man and wife long after I had been buried six feet under.

Last December, however, when Miss Taylor climaxed seven unhappy months of marriage with the announcement that she would seek a divorce from her husband, my nurse brought me the afternoon newspaper. She had marked the story on page one. Grudgingly she conceded, "You were right, doctor."

Believe me, I felt no satisfaction in the accuracy of my prediction. I should have much preferred to be wrong. But the Liz Taylor-Nicky Hilton marriage followed such an old familiar Hollywood pattern that from the start it seemed to fall into the same mould that had shaped the marital mishaps of Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Shirley Temple, Ann Shirley, and a flock of other teen-aged movie brides.

In practically every case, child-star marriages have fizzled out in divorce. Let's look at the record:

Deanna Durbin, whose artistry and wholesome appeal had virtually rescued Universal Pictures from bankruptcy, was a sweet-faced 19 when she married the young Vaughn Paul. Two years later the mating had been dissolved.

Judy Garland was 19 when, with little David Rose at her side, she whizzed to Las Vegas for an elopement. The marriage lasted less than three years.

Shirley Temple was a child of 17 when she said her vows to John Agar in one of Hollywood's swankiest weddings. Two years after the marriage, Shirley knew in her heart it was a tragic mistake. In 1949 she went into court and told a judge that she had reached such a crisis of unhappiness that she had been tempted to commit suicide.

In all these cases, the wives had been child movie stars; each had been earning a minimum of $1,000 a week at the time of their marriage; and each had married a fairly young and handsome husband.

These marriages had failed to last. Now, why would the Taylor-Hilton marriage, contracted under the same set of circumstances and conditions, prove the exception? It didn't. Its seven months set a new mark for the brevity of child-star marriages.

It is my opinion that like most young girls who've been raised on movie lots, Elizabeth Taylor was unprepared for marriage—especially to a boy in his early twenties like Nicky Hilton.

Ask yourself this question: what could Miss Taylor contribute to such a marriage? Wisdom? Prudence? Experience? What characteristics did she have that her husband lacked? How could she complement him? How could she possibly act as a check and balance to his youthful excesses when she herself was in a business which makes a cardinal virtue of exhibitionism?

Don't for a minute imagine that I am attributing the snag in the Taylor-Hilton marriage to Miss Taylor. I'm not at all. I merely raise this point: Does a girl of 18, whose youth has been spent in the motion picture industry, develop the ability to judge adequately the personality and character makeup of the men she dates and the man she marries?

I think not.



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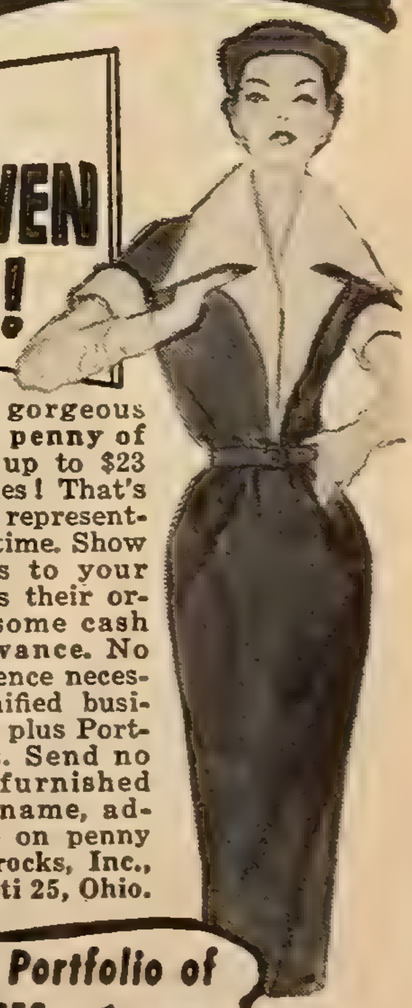
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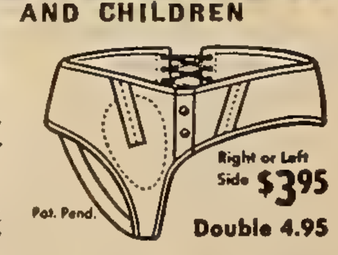
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All young husbands are sensitive. Marriage itself bolsters their ego, provides them with responsibilities, accords them the pride and privilege of being master of the household. In the Taylor-Hilton marriage, in all marriages of this kind, the husband never gets to play his traditional role. He only gets to play second fiddle.

Liz once said, "If my pictures ever start interfering with our marriage, I'll quit pictures in a hurry."

Pictures started interfering with the marriage from the very start. Even Miss Taylor had to admit that, "our honeymoon wasn't very private." Young Hilton didn't particularly like living in the goldfish bowl which Hollywood stars must inhabit. As soon as they returned to California, Elizabeth started making *Father's Little Dividend.* She did not give up her career to live on her husband's salary.

The Hiltons were following the well-worn pattern of a child-star marriage in which it's the wife who's important . . . who continues to enjoy the deference she's always known.

Let us take Shirley Temple or Judy Garland as cases in point. For years they were fawned upon by grown men and women every day in the week. Let Judy remark that one hair on her head was out of place, and a 40-year-old hairdresser would rush to her side and fix it. Let Shirley Temple mutter that she was hungry, and half a dozen adults would vie to bring her a tray from the commissary.

The formative years of Liz Taylor's life were spent largely in the company of adults; adults who got paid for pleasing Liz, for dressing her, directing her, teaching her, working with her.

Such an environment is abnormal for a young girl. She becomes a little too knowing; she grows up too quickly. There is a good deal of love-making in most motion pictures. A young girl on the set day after day becomes aware of sex much more quickly than her counterpart in high school. She dates one or two or three boys—and then—wham, she gets married.

Look at the men in Liz Taylor's date-life: Glenn Davis, Ed Pauley, Vic Damone, and marriage to Nicky Hilton.

There are no ballgames, no proms, no high school flirtations. Most of the normal, happy setup of the typical teen-ager is outside the ken of the child movie star.

Shirley Temple, even today, can't understand modern football because as a teen-ager no boys ever took her to a college football game. The same is true with Judy Garland.

The simple truth is that the average 18-year-old girl in the United States has dated more boys than Liz Taylor, Shirley Temple, and Deanna Durbin put together.

She has learned how to take care of herself in a pinch. She has dated boys who suffer from "roaming hands." Possibly she has had to walk home from a too ardent date. She has accompanied boys who could spend no more than two dollars on an evening's entertainment. She has fixed meals for herself and her family. She has learned to sew and can make the best of last year's dress. In short, the average American girl has learned how to cope with life.

The child movie star has not. She's been reared in an abnormal environment. Studio employees old enough to be her parents have catered to her every whim. She's been pampered to such a point that she often has no sense of responsibility or self-discipline. She has sacrificed a normal youth for money and fame. And in many cases this is a bad deal, since neither money nor fame assures its owner of a good supply of common sense.

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As a matter of fact, children who have never known the want of a dollar in their lives rarely develop into stable, realistic, mature adults.

TAKE Nicky Hilton, for example. Suppose his father did not control the Hilton hotel chain, which last year grossed approximately $40,000,000 worth of business? Suppose Nicky didn't have a trust fund which pays him $12,000 a year? Suppose he had no connections for a job? If, starting from scratch, he managed to make a success of things, aren't the chances greater that he would eventually develop into a better husband?

There is no doubt that the conquering of adversity breeds character. The only adversity most child stars meet is written in motion picture scenarios.

To my way of thinking the remarkable aspect of Elizabeth Taylor's behavior pattern is that she isn't more spoiled.

Here's an 18-year-old girl who earns $1,000 a week, drives around in a Cadillac convertible, is beseeched for dates by the handsomest of men. Is it reasonable to expect such a girl to play a subsidiary role to her husband, to wait on him, to mother him, to defer to his wishes?

Dr. Jack Berman, a child psychiatrist in Beverly Hills who has psychoanalyzed several young actresses, thinks that many of them marry young because, "they've been adults since they were six or seven.

"They can't wait to get away from their parents," Berman says, "because subconsciously they think they will be more independent. Although they believe they're marrying for love, it's really marriage for release, marriage for an expression of their own feelings."

When the Liz Taylor-Nicky Hilton divorce announcement came, Red Skelton said, "And to think that his father gave 'em two hotels—one marked 'His' and the other 'Hers'!"—*Irving Hoffman in The Hollywood Reporter.*

THIS theory that actresses marry young to escape their parents is not a new one, of course, and whether it applies to Elizabeth Taylor is very difficult to say.

Elizabeth's relationship with her parents has been most amicable, although for years the studio paid Elizabeth's mother a handsome salary to watch over her little girl. Whether Elizabeth subconsciously rebelled against this close supervision, only she would know.

It is significant to note, however, that when Liz's marriage went on the rocks, she at first moved in with her stand-in rather than run home to mother.

I once had for a patient a young actress who attributed all her problems to her mother. "It was my mother," this girl explained, "who wanted me to become a star. It was she who dragged me around from one casting office to another. She was unhappy and frustrated, and she tried to live through my success. I would have been much happier if she had never wanted a movie career for me. I've made lots of money, all right, but I've become so used to being the center of everything that I just can't seem to adjust myself to the problems of marriage."

Actually, the mother of this actress isn't to be blamed at all. It's just that the girl is afraid of marrying any man who refuses to accord her the same princess-like treatment she receives at her studio. So she marries an inferior man whom she supports—and then resents his spineless attitude and character.

MY nurse, who keeps abreast of such things, tells me that after her divorce Liz Taylor probably will renew her friendship with Ed Pauley, Jr., the son of the Florida utilities magnate, to whom she was once engaged.

I don't know about that. But if she contemplates marriage again, my advice to her is to give up her career. Shirley Temple has done it, and I predict that Shirley will never be seen in any divorce court again.

The career of an actress is a very wonderful thing—but it takes a very strong husband to stand it. In the entire history of Hollywood, there have been precious few. No man likes to be called Mr. Elizabeth Taylor. THE END

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Can your make-up pass the "close-up" test?



Gown by Ceil Chapman

Fabulous Solitair gives you faultless beauty close up!

Every complexion can look fresh and lovely from afar—but viewed close up, too often all charm is gone. For in close-ups, skin faults become prominent—imperfections that make-up has failed to hide, or properly soften, are suddenly obvious . . . Thousands of women know Solitair as the one make-up that stands the test of closest inspection. Solitair conceals so cleverly that every little complexion blemish becomes *your* secret! Your skin seems to come alive with youthful freshness —uniformly flawless, yet completely natural—*even in close-ups*. Try Solitair once —your mirror will instantly show you the wonderful difference!

Make this test tonight!—
Look in your mirror, *close up*.
Does your complexion show
skin-faults through your make-up?
If so, you need Solitair.

Seven lovely shades



Contains Lanolin

Skin-safe Solitair protects against dryness. Solitair is the only clinically tested make-up which leading skin specialists confirm will not clog pores.

Solitair
cake make-up

Lipstick, too!—Goes on smoother, stays on lips longer with a glistening brilliance that resists smearing and transfer. Six inspired shades of red—1.00

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ANNE JEFFREYS started out modeling to pay for her music studies. In rapid succession came personal appearances . . . radio and television roles . . . stardom in more than 30 movies.

"My cigarette must be mild. I smoke CAMELS. They agree with my throat and they taste grand!"

Anne Jeffreys

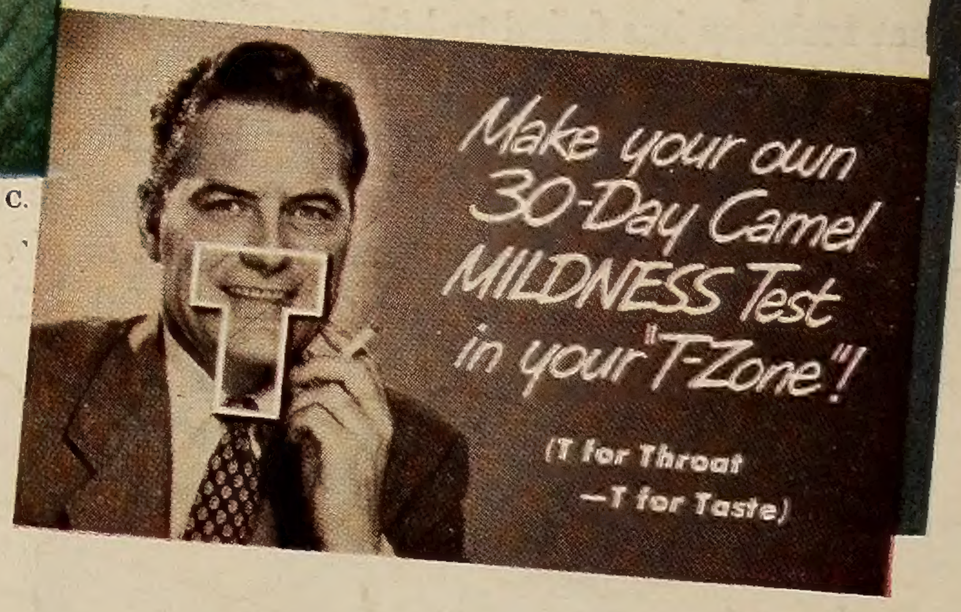
STAGE AND SCREEN STAR

"I *know* how mild a cigarette can be! My own 30-day Camel Mildness Test gave me the proof. The test was fun and *sensible!* I didn't make a snap decision on just one puff or one sniff. I had plenty of time to appreciate how good tasting Camels really are! I learned for sure how welcome Camel mildness is to my throat!"

NOTED THROAT SPECIALISTS REPORT
ON 30-DAY TEST OF CAMEL SMOKERS . . .

NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

Yes, these were the findings of noted throat specialists after a total of 2,470 weekly examinations of the throats of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days.



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● Doctors smoke for pleasure, too! Once again, in a repeat survey just completed by an independent research organization, doctors in every State in the Union and in every branch of medicine were asked: "What cigarette do you smoke, Doctor?" Once again, the brand named most was CAMEL!

More Doctors Smoke CAMELS *than any other cigarette*